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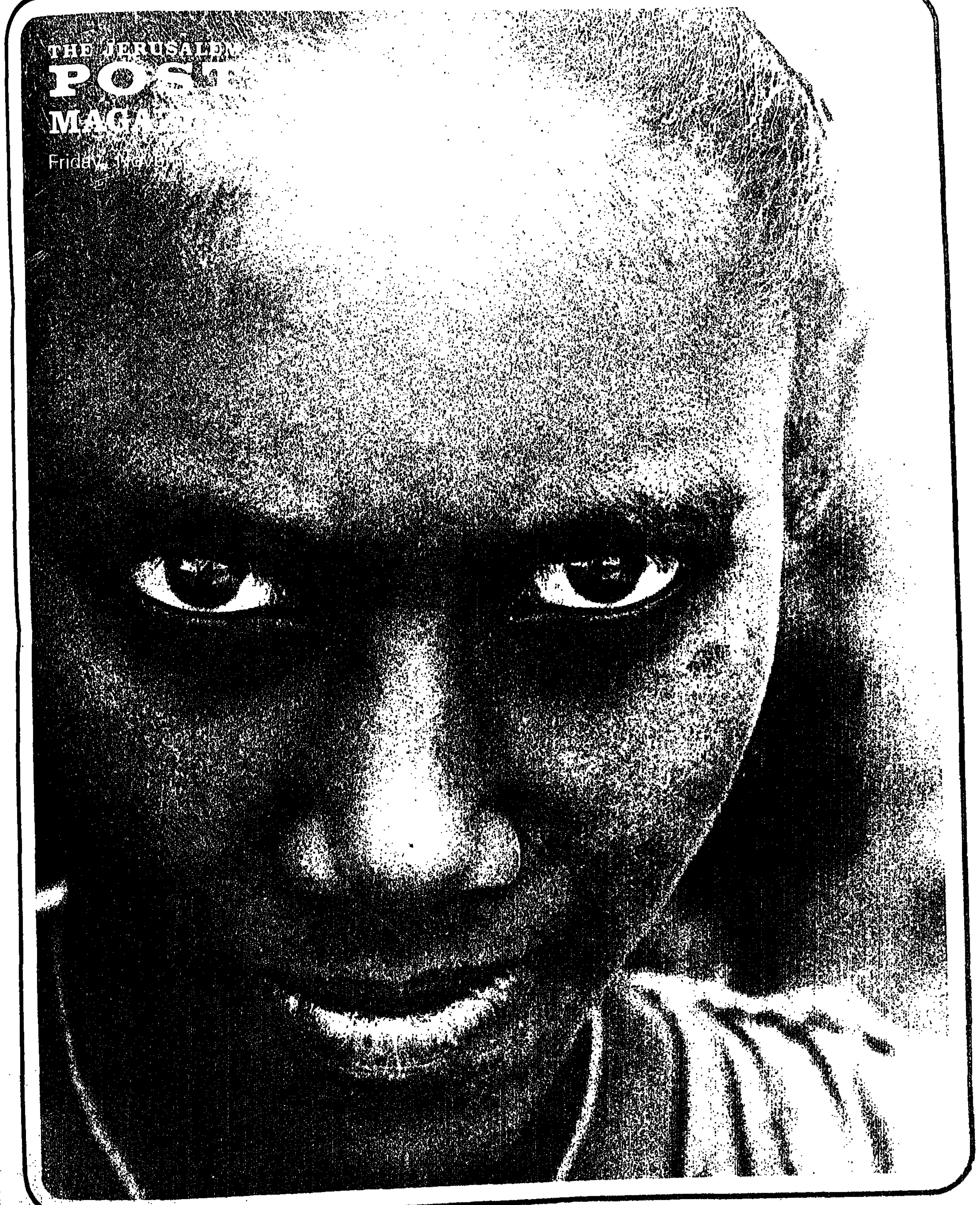

هكذا من الأصل

On the cover: A member of Ethiopia's Jewish community. (Rapoport)

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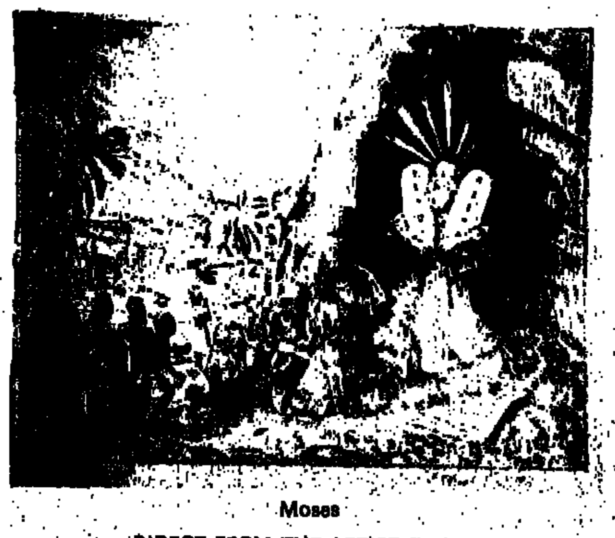

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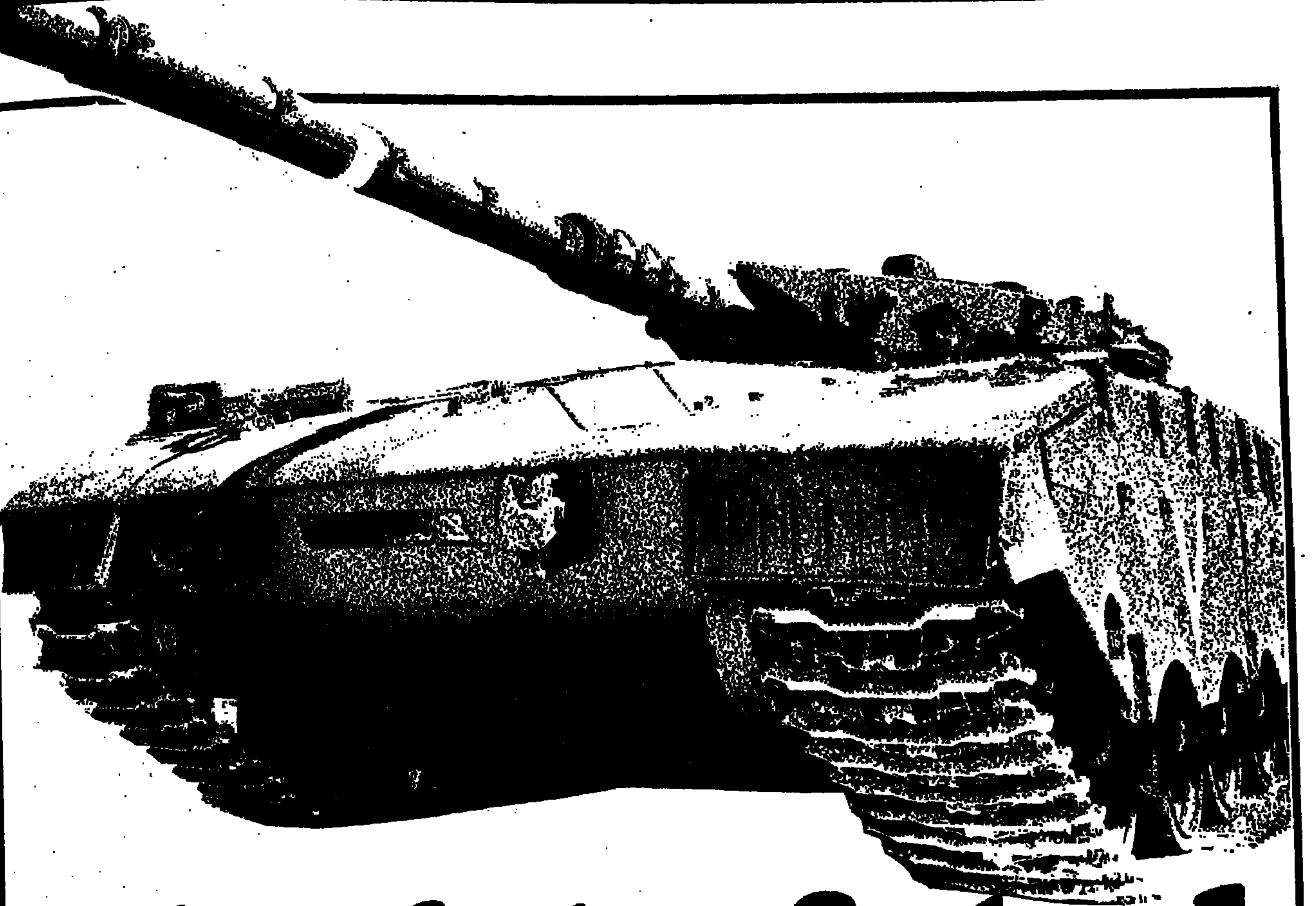

Chariots of steel

The Merkava tank weighs almost 60 tons, contains 30,000 separately manufactured parts, costs as much as 20 flats — and is made in Israel. The Post's David Krivine reports after a visit to the plant.

THE LAST TANK with which I had close acquaintance was the Valentine. I commanded a troop of three Valentines in the British Army during the Second World War. Its shortcomings, compared with present-day models, were lack of speed and lack of fire-power — or so I thought till the other day, when I toured the factory near Tel Aviv which puts together the Merkava.

Then I realized that the armoured fighting vehicle (AFV) which had been my home and bastion during that great encounter with Nazidom belongs almost to the age of the bow and arrow.

Memories came back as I went over this new Israeli monster, impenetrable in its carapace of high-resistance metal. It looked large enough to swallow up my entire troop of Valentines. In those days everything was done by hand. A winding-lever slowly swivelled the turret. The gun was aimed with one eye closed, like a marksman's rifle.

The Merkava is fully automated; the turret crew presses buttons. The turret swings rapidly round a 360-degree arc, carrying a 105-mm. cannon (the bore of the Valentine was 37mm.). A laser range-finder feeds information into a computer. It is another world.

Nevertheless the question will be posed whether it made economic sense for a small country like Israel to undertake such a massive industrial project.

WE HAVE FIRST to examine the alternatives. A decade ago, Israel reached an understanding with the British to buy the Chieftain tank, after suitable modifications, with a view to producing it under licence here. The modifications were devised in Israel and adopted by the British — after which the project was scuttled under Arab pressure.

The Chieftain is obsolete today; so are the Centurion and the Russian T-60. They all belong to decades now expired. Advanced models suitable for the 1980s and — a key point — available at this moment number only three: the American M-60, the Russian T-72 — and the Merkava.

Performance tests reveal that the Merkava is somewhat better than the M-60 and broadly speaking on a par with the T-72, though the information available on the Soviet product is not complete.

Another generation of battle tanks, still in the pipeline, is due to emerge shortly. The West Germans have unveiled the Leopard II, an impressive model which is however only now coming into production.

The Americans have the XM-1, a more modern specimen than any, being powered by a turbine engine. It is not yet out of the teething stage. The Russian T-80 is known to exist but none have been inspected at close quarters. The British, the French and the Swedes are planning new models (the British one will be called the Challenger).

Tank-making is science-based, modernization is constant, new models become obsolete overnight. Fortunately Israel has its own pipeline. Merkava II is on its way, with a bigger engine and other improvements. On the horizon, the shape of the Mark III is already visible. All the indications are that these new arrivals will measure up to the competition during the 1980s and the 1990s.

ISRAEL IS abreast on the technological side. What has still to be considered is costs. The Merkava comes to $1,678,000 (excluding value added tax). The selling-price of the M-60 is less, amounting to $1.4m.

It is not certain, though, just how these figures should be compared. The estimate for the Merkava includes a recouping of all the money put into development and tooling over the last decade, an outlay totalling $200m.

This is not a large amount, if placed alongside comparable expenditures made in evolving new tank designs in other countries. But fewer Merkavas will be produced than M-60s, so the Israeli investment has to be spread over a limited number of units, which raises the cost per unit. (That is why small countries do not generally involve themselves in such expensive industrial processes.)

The question arises whether it is proper to judge the whole project solely on the basis of orthodox accounting methods. A number of points deserve to be considered. The $200m. placement has yielded not just the Merkava; it has endowed the country with an entire new industrial capacity.

Israel is emancipated from dependence on foreign governments in a vital strategic commodity. Not only that: we can also cast off the prohibitions on weapon use that accompany aid-with-strings. The government was recently called to task because, having acquired aircraft in the U.S., it proceeded to use them (in Lebanon) in a manner considered not consistent with America's best interests.

No foreign power can question how Israel employs its tanks — now that it has the Merkava.

Besides, the enterprise has changed in scope since its inception. When the scheme of producing an Israeli-made tank was first adopted, the intention was to supply only half the army's needs during the following decade, with the rest imported.

But the situation possesses its own momentum. It now emerges that the Merkava will supply all of Israel's needs, and there will be no more imports. Firstly, the model is a real success and the army likes it. There is no reason to supplement it with any other AFV since it serves the army's purposes.

Second, the U.S. has allowed Israel to shift a certain amount of its military aid to local purchasing. Aluf Israel Tal, the father of the Merkava project, told *The Jerusalem Post* that $107m. of that allocation went towards the purchase of his product, money that would otherwise have gone to buy American equipment.

This made it possible to step up output and reduce unit costs. The whole process has become more economical, justifying the expansion of production to a scale sufficient to meet Israel's total needs.

That diversion of American aid funds seems to have been a catalyst, given that the infrastructure was in existence. Had the original $200m. investment not been made in the local tank industry, it is doubtful whether the aid money could have been so usefully employed.

Other economies derive from the disputed investment. The substitution of a single tank for the former multiplicity of models, coupled with its manufacture inside the country, will save the services a lot of money. Training and maintenance schedules will be simplified, and the outlay on spare parts will be greatly reduced.

The creation of this new engineering capacity also made it possible to salvage a large number of tanks heavily damaged in the Yom Kippur War, which otherwise would have been a total write-off. They will serve as a useful back-up, allowing the diversion of more

(Continued overleaf)

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IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT — CHANGES IN MORTGAGES FOR OLIM

As of November 15, 1981, certain changes will be introduced in the allocation of mortgages for olim. Olim who signed a contract to purchase an apartment between November 1, 1981 and November 15, 1981 will also be eligible for the new rates.

More detailed information will appear in this column next week. Additional details are available from your absorption caseworker at your local Ministry of Immigrant Absorption office.

INFORMATION EVENING REGARDING ARMY SERVICE

The Jerusalem Branch of the AACI is sponsoring an Army Information Evening for the benefit of those people in the Jerusalem area who are interested in up-to-date information regarding their military service obligations. Representatives of the I.D.F. and former olim who have served in the army will be on hand to answer questions. The evening is intended for both men and women and will include information on Nahal service.

Date: Sunday, November 22, 1981
Time: 8.00 p.m.
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It is therefore advisable to begin this procedure about 4 months after your arrival in Israel.

If the *Kupat Holim* of your choice rejects your application for whatever reason, please apply to your absorption case worker at your local Ministry of Immigrant Absorption office (or at the Absorption Center where you are staying), who will advice you regarding alternative programs.

The publication "Health Services in Israel" is available in English from the Department of Information for Olim, P.O.B. 616, 91006 Jerusalem.

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(Continued from page 3)

Merkavas for front-line duties.

Taking all the above into consideration, there is a case for viewing the economics of the enterprise in a different way. Since the $200m. is already spent and cannot be recovered, our question could be rephrased: How much cash must the Accountant-General fork out today, over and above money spent in the past, in order to buy a tank? Answer: for the M-60, $1.4m., for the Merkava I, $1.22m.

THE MILITARY draws attention to another harsh reality: there is not in the world market at this moment, they say, a single tank equivalent in all respects to the Merkava which is available for purchase by the Israel Defence Forces. As the senior officer in charge of tank production puts it, "Those models which are in the same category as the Merkava we can't buy. Those we can buy are inferior."

The alternatives which may become available in due course are not yet problem-free. The American XM-1, for example, is fast but not at its best in rough country. Its fuel consumption is high, and there are other interim troubles. They are being solved, but it takes time.

Needless to say, out-of-date tanks are available in plenty, but they do not answer current needs. Types harking back to the 1960's or even the 1970's are already old hat. The tank production chief expresses it graphically: "What percentage of production costs," he asks, "do you think goes for fire-control, excluding the actual gun? You'd say 1 or 2 per cent, and you'd be right — up till quite recently. Today it's something like 25 per cent."

Israel has for a long time busied itself with modifying and modernizing imported and captured models. I asked my guide in the factory about the lifespan of a tank, assuming it is not blown sky-high in battle. He laughed. In this army, the thing is practically immortal. As bits wear out they are replaced, usually with something new and different. "We pull the whole vehicle apart and rebuild it," he observed. "Those who originally did the manufacturing wouldn't recognize it."

This make-and-mend activity has had a salutary role in developing the workshops' ability to do the entire production job. The advantages of being self-dependent are innumerable. The army can create what it wants and can exploit freely all the experience it gained on the battlefield.

THE MERKAVA was developed according to the telescopic system, which suits Israel's experience and possibly its temperament. Instead of spending years at the drawing board and then coming up with a prototype that undergoes prolonged testing, the Israelis bring the tank into production at an early stage and have it tested in real life by its intended users, developing it as they go along according to user reaction.

Components are made locally only if it is economically efficient to do so, and price standards are strict. Some items are manufactured overseas with Israeli modifications. The engine, made by Teledyne Continental, is similar to the M-60 engine, but up-graded from 750 to 900 bhp.

The laser range-finder for the guns is made by Elop in Israel. Hydraulic and stabilization systems which were developed in the U.S. (Cadillac Gage) are now made here by Shahal.

Many parts of the tank are constructed in this country according to indigenous designs. Forty big subcontracting companies are involved, plus 200 suppliers of small items. Altogether 5,000 persons are engaged in planning, developing and producing the Merkava.

Armour commander Aluf Israel Tal in the field during the 1967 war.

Thus, rolled steel for the hull is imported, but the turret is cast at the Urdan plant. The gun is manufactured by IMI (Israel Military Industries). Computers are made by Elbit.

The introduction of the new war chariot has given a boost to the metals, electronics and optics industries. Three-quarters of the tank is locally made; but the local production itself involves imported materials, so the added value or actual local-currency component comes to less, or 58 per cent.

The German magazine *Military Technology*, writing in considerable detail about the Israeli battle machine, reports that the Merkava II will have an Israeli-made gear-box, and that the Merkava III may have an Israeli-made engine — possibly, it is learned from other sources, a turbine engine. This information is not denied by the Israeli authorities. If the above proposals go through, the vehicle's added value should rise to 80 per cent.

ALL THE ABOVE characteristics belong to the field of engineering. What makes the tank specially different are the design elements that drive directly from Israel's war experience, given that other manufacturing countries do not generally have the battle-testing conditions under which Israel operates.

Highest priority is given to crew safety, and not only for humanitarian reasons. If a tank is hit it can still function in most cases. If the crew is hit, the tank is paralysed.

Accordingly the crew is provided with an alternative entry and exit point at the rear. This also offers a rapid loading area for ammunition. The tank can, if necessary, carry a number of ground troops, who enter through the same aperture. The turret is long, narrow and hard to hit. It is described in the German military periodical as having "a good ballistic silhouette."

The tank has an air purification facility to combat chemical or bacteriological fumes without the need for gas masks. In addition to radio contact with headquarters, it possesses an extra radio-telephone for communication with support forces, plus a very sophisticated verbal-plus-teleprinter link between tank commander and tank driver.

A telescopic sight magnifies objects several kilometres away, making it possible to see exactly what they are. Night vision permits operations under cover of darkness. Another priority is speed of repair. Engines can be replaced within the hour.

Heat eventually causes a minuscule bending of the gun barrel, impairing the accuracy of fire. Israelis invented a "thermal shroud" which prevents this. The ammunition is stored in containers which prevent it from exploding inside the tank under the impact of enemy fire.

A great deal of attention has been devoted to the ballistic qualities of the metal-plating. Merkava II will have what is called "special armour." The phrase is understood to mean steel interleaved with ceramic and other materials, which hardens its resistance to shell penetration threefold.

THE MERKAVA is an MBT or main battle tank. In the days of the Valentine, armies were equipped with different types of AFV — notably the infantry tank or I-tank, which was heavily armoured and consequently slow, and the cruiser tank, which had a thinner skin but moved more swiftly.

The Merkava fulfils both functions, being heavily armoured and fast at one and the same time. Aluf Tal believes it can command an export market, despite the negative influence of the Arab boycott and similar considerations. This at least can be said: its sale will not be hampered by third-party "ownership rights," as the sale of the Kfir aircraft was prevented by the Americans.

Already finding a market are intermediary products. Sales amount to nearly $50m. a year — another factor that should be taken into account when evaluating the initial investment which brought all this into existence. □

'Don't forget us!'

Recent reports filtering out of Marxist Ethiopia point to a drastic deterioration in the situation of the Falashas, indicating that scores of community leaders have been arrested and tortured. In an excerpt from his book on Ethiopia's Jews, The Post's Louis Rapoport describes his stay five years ago in one of the Falasha villages, all of which the authorities have now closed to visitors.

SHIMSHON POINTED to the thatched mud-wattle hut perched like a bird's nest among the trees above a green field of *teff*. "That's a Jewish home," he said. Shimshon Abebe and his friend Maro, another Falasha boy from the Begembdar area, were leading me through the beautiful rolling hills around their village, about one hundred and fifty miles north of copper-tinted Lake Tana, the headwaters of the Nile. Shimshon had spent the night in a roadside village, where I had sent him to rent a horse for me. He came back with a flea-ridden, sway-backed animal that cost fifteen cents a day.

It was early January, 1976, and I was staying in the area for a few days, gathering material for an article on the lost tribe of Dan. Thirteen-year-old Shimshon attached himself to me at the first opportunity. Just as I was about to go to sleep on my first night on the village guest bed that was set up in the schoolhouse, there was a knock on the door: six young boys were standing shyly in the quiet, freezing cold night, all of them wearing brown sackcloth robes. They covered their mouths when they spoke, in the Ethiopian manner, pulling the material across their mouths and talking through it like masked surgeons. Shimshon Abebe, a very black youth made homely by bad teeth, introduced himself and one of his school friends. The two had just walked sixty miles from Azozzo, near Gondar, where they were attending a school that offered grades seven and eight — no Falasha schools went beyond the sixth grade. They had come for a two-week holiday — it was January, Christmas in Ethiopia, and Jewish children also got a vacation from school.

As he stood in the doorway, Shimshon said he had heard that twenty-five Falashas from his village and neighbouring ones had been arrested while attempting to escape across the Kenyan border, far away to the south, and all were in prison. "Why doesn't the government of Jerusalem come to their rescue — to fight against Ethiopia?" he asked me in halting English. "Why don't the Jews of the world help us?"

(Louis Rapoport)

The village of Teda, in Ethiopia's Gondar region, has a mixed population of Christians and Falasha Jews, or as the latter call themselves, Beta-Israel. Visitors are now barred, and the Marxist governor of the area reportedly has launched a reign of terror in the region in recent weeks.

Later, I learned that Shimshon was from a very poor family. When he was ten, his father had to tell him that they didn't have enough money — $2.50 a year — to pay his school fees, and that he would have to give up his education. A British teacher in Gondar who travelled to outlying villages to teach English had taken an interest in Shimshon, one of his brightest students. The teacher gave him the five Ethiopian *birr* he needed for the school fees. Shimshon had never seen so much money so he couldn't be blamed for lavishing it on other things.

He was scolded severely afterward, but he got more money from the teacher and was able to continue his schooling. Shimshon set about acquiring an education with the goal of getting to Israel and eventually bringing his family. He was one of those who knew that things were looking bleak for his tribe....

MULU DESE, the bespectacled assistant principal of the grammar school where I was staying, had asked me to sign the visitors' book soon after I arrived in the village. When Shimshon and his friends left, I took the ledger off the shelf near my cot and looked through it. Since the revolution two years earlier, a number of other visitors had come to the village, including an Israeli doctor who checked the people for parasites and other diseases. Before 1974 there had been a visit by an American study group, Moshe Dayan's first wife Ruth; an Israeli ex-minister of transport; and Jewish couples from England and the United States.

There were other books on the schoolroom shelves; worn texts in Amharic and English, some Hebrew books for children an old copy of Wolf Leslau's collection of the Beta-Israel's rich liturgy. There was also a Jewish Bible, and a leather-bound New Testament embossed with a gold cross — the headmaster was a Christian. The school had always been administered by Ethiopian Christians — under Haile Selassie and after him — and the current principal, an Education Ministry appointee, was a Tigrean, determined to bring Christianity to the Ethiopian Jews. The Falashas had no voice in how their schools were run....

In 1956 Mulu Dese, ten years old, had been brought to Israel with other Falasha youths, and they lived, studied and worked at Kibbutz Kfar Batya. After four years, Mulu continued his education at a commercial school in Haifa for five more years. And after a decade in Israel, he came back to teach Hebrew and to help advance his people in Ethiopia. In his village, Mulu Dese was highly respected for his knowledge. But the village had no real leaders because the Falashas have been more loyal to family than to community. It was difficult to change this, even though the necessity for strong leadership was becoming increasingly evident. Dese and the other teachers who had lived in Israel were constantly asked about the country that all of them missed so much. Among themselves, they reminisced constantly about Israel.

On my second day in the village I ate lunch in the home of Mulu Dese and his wife, Esther. They had three small children with another on the way.... While we ate, Dese turned on the radio to hear the news. He had the only transistor in the village, and on rare occasions he could even hear Kol Israel. During the Yom Kippur War all of the villagers would come to the teacher's *tekel* to hear BBC and Voice of America reports of the fighting. Possession of this radio, and the fact that he had lived in Israel, may have made Mulu Dese suspect in the eyes of the Christians overseeing the Falashas' schools. In fact, he was already a condemned man. Two years after my visit, he would be imprisoned with the other teachers for being "Zionist agents." Mulu Dese knew for years what fate was waiting for him and for his people. He had lost all faith in Israeli officials and in the Jews of the world. "They don't hear our warnings. Perhaps they just don't want to."

KES TEFERA, (one of the area's six *cohenim*) showed me around the one-room mud and stone synagogue which contained a Torah written in Ge'ez, Ethiopia's Semitic liturgical tongue. The structure was built so that the worshippers face toward Jerusalem when they pray before the Torah. There were few furnishings or other objects in the building: a couple of wooden benches and some Hebrew books donated by Jewish charities. The Israeli-trained teachers spurn the services, which still do not reflect modern Jewish laws and customs. There was a profound generation gap among many Falashas, and perhaps it is significant that Kes Tefera's son, who lives in Israel, became the Falashas' first ordained rabbi....

Kes Tefera was not interested in talking about religion just then — two of his sons were facing death, and the priest asked me what I knew about the incident that Shimshon had asked me about when I first arrived. Twenty-five Falashas from surrounding villages had attempted to flee Ethiopia by crossing the Kenyan border....

The truck carrying the twenty-five Falashas had stopped directly in front of an Ethiopian police post at the border. It didn't take long to determine that these mountain tribesmen from the north were trying to get out of Ethiopia. They were slapped into prison. And the village where most of them came from was getting ready to go into mourning.

SHIMSHON AND his friend led me back toward the main road, where bands of baboons romped through chickpea patches on both sides of the winding mountain path. The two boys greeted fellow Falashas and *goyim* as they passed by. — *goy* is one of the few Hebrew words in the vocabulary of the Beta-Israel, who speak Amharic and Tigrean. Although their religion creates an enormous gulf between them and their Christian neighbors, physically, they look the same....

"Don't forget us," Shimshon said to me at the roadside village of Teda as I got on the bus for Gondar. It is what the Falashas have said to every Jew who has visited them. □

From 'The Lost Jews: The Last of the Ethiopian Falashas.' Copyright, 1980, Stein and Day.

هكذا من الأصل

AN ISRAELI arrives in the U.S. on a United Jewish Appeal trip. He addresses a fund-raising dinner in a particular community that raises a million dollars. On his return home, he will cheerfully report that he has succeeded in raising that sum for the state.

In practice, however, only $300,000 of that million, at best, will reach Israel.

A recent internal UJA publication describes a "current national trend recording a steady reduction in UJA allocation during the last five years." Communities around the U.S., it says, "are reaching new heights in fund-raising, but they are keeping more of the money for local agencies and giving less to help Jews abroad." This trend is linked to increasing criticism by many contributors of the way their money is spent in Israel and to threats to curb contributions.

According to UJA statistics, community campaigns in 1975 raised -- in round figures -- $489,995,000. Of this sum, the UJA, which channels the largest percentage of its funds to the Jewish Agency and through the Agency to immigration and absorption services in Israel, was allocated $317,327,000, or 64.8 per cent of every dollar raised. In 1976, the communities raised a total of $451,655,000, of which the UJA was allocated $277,762,000, or 61.5 per cent of every campaign dollar.

By 1979, of a total of $482,467,000, the UJA received $265,524,000, or 55 per cent of every dollar, and by 1980 the proportion had come down to just under 50 per cent.

Thus in the past five years, the proportion of campaign money allocated to Israel declined by almost 15 per cent.

If the percentage allocated to the UJA in 1975 had been sustained in the following years, it would have meant an additional $117,107,000 for Israeli and overseas programmes.

"The decrease in allocation represents a substantial loss to the UJA and to Israel," admits one UJA official, "and the future only looks bleaker."

THERE SEEMS to be a considerable misconception among Israelis about American-Jewish fund-raising. They tend to assume that the fund-raising system in the U.S. is the same as in other Western countries, where the counterparts of the UJA raise funds in the Jewish communities and channel them direct to Israel.

In fact, the campaigns in the U.S. are conducted by the communities themselves, with the UJA acting purely as a technical instrument providing speakers, information material and professional advice. Thus, the million dollars "raised" for Israel by our hypothetical Israeli speaker will go to the local community, which will decide what percentage of it is to be allocated to the UJA.

Until 1967, (and in some localities even until 1973), the UJA used to conduct separate fund-raising campaigns in the various communities. While individual communities organized campaigns for their local welfare needs, the UJA campaigns were devoted to raising money exclusively for overseas and Israeli needs.

Most of the older German, anti-Zionist sections of a community would identify themselves with the local welfare funds, while the East European Zionists identified themselves with the UJA. Political developments within the communities, coupled with changing attitudes to Israel, led after the Six Day War to the creation of joint campaigns, although the conflict between the welfare funds and the UJA over the allocations persisted. The last division between the two groups, in New York, was erased by the Yom Kippur War.

TODAY, the allocation process is less an ideological struggle between Zionists and non-Zionists than a tough political bargaining among various power centres in the Jewish community on the one hand, and between the latter and the Israeli leadership on the other. It is thus the outcome of the bargaining in the U.S. that determines what percentage of the funds will be allocated to the UJA — that is to say, to Israel — and what will be used for community needs.

On one side of the political bargaining table one finds the 210 communities, most of which are organized in local federations headed by laymen, the *gvirim*, the prestigious leaders of the community, but which are really run by paid professional activists. Then comes the Big Sixteen, the "political kitchen" where representatives of the 16 largest communities in the country decide, behind the scenes, general policy guidelines for the allocation of funds. Finally, at the top, the Council of Jewish Federations (CJF), an umbrella organization headed by a well-known national leader, recommends those policy guidelines to the communities, and they are then discussed openly at annual conventions.

On the other side of the bargaining table is the UJA and its lay and professional staff, at both national and local level.

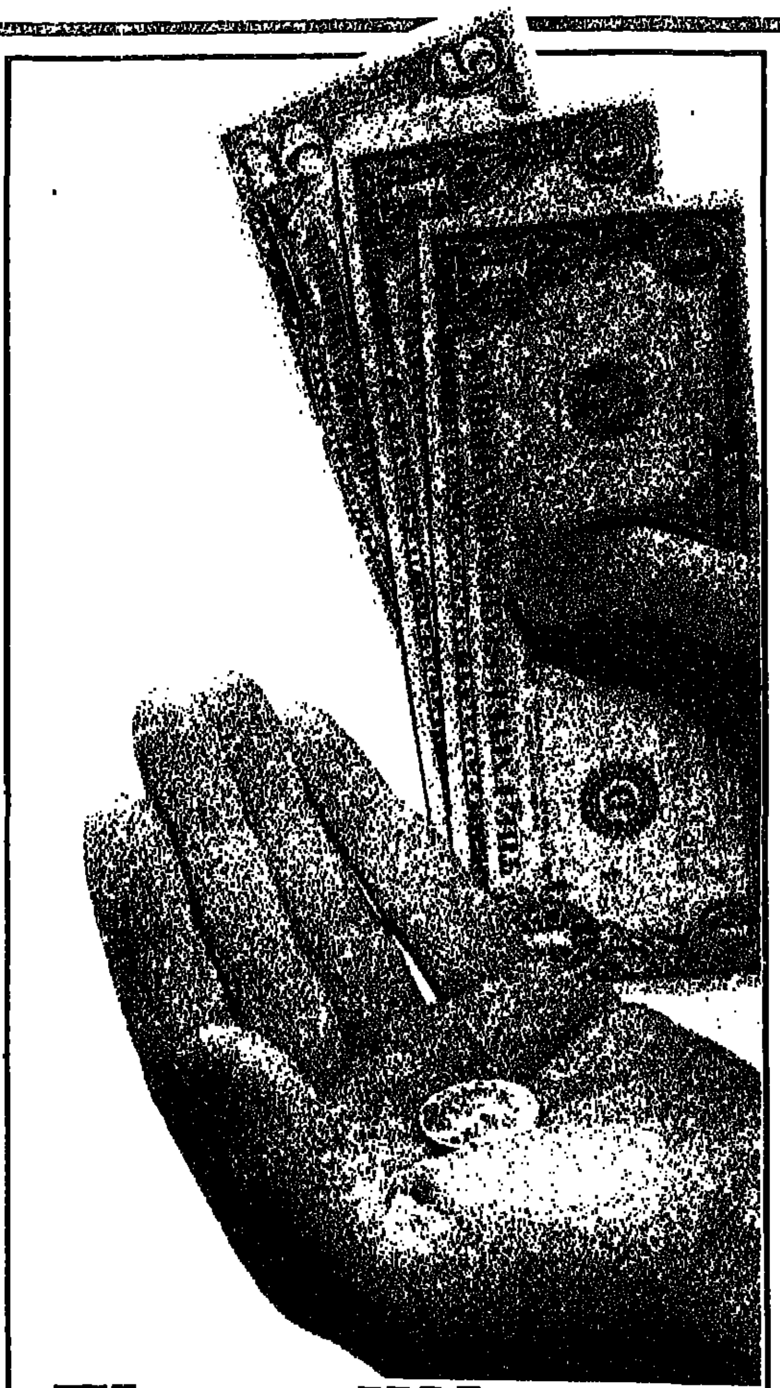
Speaking of the relationship between the CJF and the UJA, Irving Bernstein, executive vice-president of the latter, says: "The average Jewish contributor doesn't always distinguish between the two organizational structures." He notes that some of the local federations use the term "United Jewish" in their title, and when they join in a fund-raising campaign no one notices the difference between them and the UJA.

The confusion is compounded in New York, where the CJF and the UJA run their campaign from the same Manhattan office, under the title "UJA — Federation Campaign."

A high-ranking Jewish Agency official agrees with Bernstein's view. "The local federation uses UJA propaganda material and speakers who make the issue of Israel their focal point, and the average contributor believes that most of his money goes to Israel, which is not the case." He adds that many contributors now note "To the UJA" or "*To Israel*" *on their cheques*, to prevent the money being channelled to the Federation.

SOME American-Jewish leaders, "Zionist" and "non-Zionist," hold high positions in two or more of the organizations — UJA, the Jewish Agency, the CJF and its local constituents. Max Fisher is perhaps the best-known example. This may be another reason why the public, both in the U.S. and in Israel — and, perhaps, the leaders themselves — finds it difficult to distinguish between the various goals and purposes of these organizations.

Thus, a recently completed study of the "purpose, function, programmes and organization" of the CJF found that there were those who



The politics of philanthropy

"I would prefer to see more of the Jewish money which we raise in the U.S. every year spent here at home," says one of the younger American-Jewish leaders. But an investigation by The Post's New York correspondent LEON HADAR shows that the proportion of American Jewish philanthropy being allocated to Israel is already significantly decreasing.

talked of the eventual incorporation of the UJA into the CJF, although the latter stressed, at the 1979 convention, that "It is not the intention to make the UJA a *subservient* organization of the CJF... It was never intended that the CJF usurp or take over the responsibilities of the UJA."

An agreement between the two organizations provides for CJF representatives to serve on the board of the UJA and on its key committees. It specifies that the UJA will present its budget "to an appropriate group of Federation leaders for review and advice." In reciprocation, the UJA campaign president serves on the CJF board.

A statement published by that board in March 1979 noted: "The CJF recognizes the primacy and central position that the UJA carries in the annual national campaign...and the enormous contribution the UJA has made in strengthening American-Jewish communities while carrying great responsibilities for overseas needs."

In the eyes of many veteran observers, this marked a kind of final "peace agreement" between the two bodies.

Just recently, in its guidelines to local communities, the CJF recommended, according to Bernstein, that "Israel should not suffer" in the allocation of campaign funds as a result of the latest federal cutbacks in social and educational programmes. They were advised to find other ways of filling the new holes in their budgets.

SOME observers, especially members of "Zionist" organizations worry that a Jewish leader who has spent many years as head of his community tends to identify with the locally oriented interests of American Jewry and will fail to represent the Israeli oriented interest of the UJA in the fund-allocation process. But Irving Kessler, now an associate member of the UJA executive, who served for several years as head of the local federation in Hartford, does not agree.

"The American-Jewish leader who has had experience in the whole range of Jewish and Zionist activity can find the right balance between the needs of his local community, the entire American-Jewish community, overseas communities and Israel," he says. "Most of these leaders regard Israel as the centre of the American-Jewish community."

According to Kessler, some of the local leaders also encourage their communities to allocate part of the funds they raise to Israeli institutions such as universities and hospitals, and to help such institutions to run fund-raising campaigns of their own.

Most of the Jewish Agency officials interviewed for this article agree with Kessler's observation that the lay leaders, especially those who occupy positions at national level in the CJF, are committed to Israeli needs and encourage their communities to follow their path. They point out, however, that the bargaining process on fund allocation reflects the relatively strong influence of the professionals in the communities, who tend to be the least Israeli-oriented of all those involved.

"The closer you get to the bottom of the pyramid of Jewish power in America, to the professionals who run the day-to-day affairs of the community," argues an Agency official, "the more you meet individuals and groups who tend to care more about their vested interests, which they identify with the organizational interests of the community, and less about the needs of the entire American-Jewish community and of Israel."

The higher the position a lay leader occupies in the Big Sixteen club, in the CJF, in other national organizations, runs the argument, the more he tends to emphasize the needs of Israel. He listens to the requests coming from the Israeli leaders, for he is in closer touch with them than is the local professional.

The latter is naturally interested in expanding his organization and his budget. As the "gatekeeper" of the local federation, he controls information, has an influence on daily activities, and thus, in effect, has more power than the elected leader, who is more involved with his private business or profession.

A lay leader who let the professional in his community run wild would well find himself confronted with an empire builder attempting to change the allocation of funds between the UJA and local needs in favour of the latter in ways that anger the UJA and Agency officials.

IN A RECENT analysis of the matter, the UJA examined the process in a mythical community called Afula, Ill., demonstrating how out of the $1 million raised in its campaign, only half would end up in UJA hands. Agency officials regard this estimate as "too optimistic." They say that after deductions for the Joint Distribution Committee and other bodies, not connected with Israel such as HIAS, and after covering staff and other expenses, possibly even less than a third of the total would be channelled to Israeli needs.

But Ernest Michel, executive director of the New York UJA-Federation operation (which allocates about 75 per cent of the money collected annually to the UJA), warns Israelis not to regard the professionals who try to channel more funds to their local community needs as the "bad guys" in the fund-raising story.

Inflation and the Reagan administration's cutbacks in social and educational programmes, shift more responsibilities in those areas to local communities, explains Michel. "This confronts the Jewish communities, especially the poor ones, with enormous problems," he says.

This is underscored by Irving Bernstein, who points out that some small communities in the north-eastern states are in a process of decay. Young singles and couples are leaving; there is no new wave of Jewish immigration; elderly people lack appropriate help; and the Jewish education system is collapsing.

"It's not surprising that the communities see a need to take care of their immediate problems," says Bernstein. "It's not very different in a family which is facing a budget cut. You first try to take care of your immediate personal problems, and only then contribute money to externals. Our job in the UJA is to secure that the right balance of allocation will nevertheless not change."

At the same time, new communities, being established in the southern Sun Belt states also need to channel more funds to building a new educational infrastructure. Nevertheless, Bernstein notes that some of the prosperous new communities have been increasing their UJA allocation. For example, the Houston community allocated 75

Max Fisher.

Ernest Michel

Irving Bernstein

Irving Kessler

per cent to the UJA last year, he points out.

Another recent problem has been the waves of Soviet-Jewish immigration to American communities, which have made it necessary for them to cut their UJA allocation of funds which, ironically, were meant to be used to absorb Soviet emigrants in Israel.

SOME OF the young leaders who visit Israel for the first time are struck by the difference between UJA propaganda portraying Israel as a poor and needy society and the standard of living they find there.

"I'm not jealous of the Israelis," one young activist from the New York area told me, "but it's difficult for me to ask my community to cut the budget of, for example, an anyhow lousy Jewish educational system and allocate more money to the UJA when I see the *dolce vita* in Tel Aviv."

One of the younger generation of leaders who would prefer to see more of the Jewish philanthropic money spent in America is Rabbi Albert Axelrad, the director of Hillel and chaplain of Brandeis University. At a recent symposium on fund-raising, he declared:

"I perceive that our needs at home are being strangled and I would also raise questions about the UJA and its Israel expenditures on several counts."

When he specified those counts, Axelrad, touched on what many Israelis would regard as extremely sensitive issues. "I believe the UJA as an institution could be exerting a salutary effect on the Israel government vis-à-vis peace... I would fault it for contributing to the stranglehold that Orthodoxy has on the State of Israel."

On the latter point, Ernest Michel recalls that some Jewish contributors threatened to withhold financial support if Agudat Yisrael pressure resulted in the change of the "Who is a Jew" definition in favour of the Orthodox interpretation.

With regard to Axelrad's first point, some sources say — though this is denied by UJA officials — that there has been a "quiet decline" in certain individual contributions as a protest against some Likud policies. And although the Egyptian-Israeli peace process aroused excitement among American Jews, some of them feel that an Israel living in peace with its largest Arab neighbour is less in need of financial aid.

THE LOSS of funds has been critical for the Jewish Agency. For the first time in its history a borrowing limit was imposed by its executive last year. The Agency and the UJA together have borrowed over $600m. to fulfil their minimum needs, and some Agency sources say that they are paying more than $100m. a year just in interest and debt repayment. Inadequate funding, say Agency sources, has necessitated big cuts in several areas.

There are many American Jews who say that the UJA has become an almost exclusive and unhealthy basis for the relationship between Israel and American Jewry. There is a feeling that this relationship is preventing the emergence of an authentic intellectual leadership in the communities, and that it sabotages attempts to encourage aliya and direct economic investment or personal involvement in Israel.

One idea suggested recently, following the "allocation debate," is that the fund-raising network should be redivided into two separate campaigns — one for funds only for Israeli needs, the other for local needs. This is rejected flatly by UJA officials.

"Americans, including American Jews, support the 'united way' in fund-raising, collecting money for all needs and then dividing it," argues Bernstein. Kessler adds that "separate campaigns, aside from *the extra expenses* and financial waste, will bring to the surface again the ugly and unnecessary confrontation between Israel and its supporters, and the local leaders."

But some wonder whether the dismantling of the UJA and the Jewish Agency it has been supporting would not be a healthy development. It would, they say, allow the American-Jewish communities to use their funds to build a strong Jewish educational system that would perhaps combat assimilation, create a new Jewish leadership, and fashion a new Israel-Diaspora relationship which sees the direct involvement of American Jewry in Israel's economy, society and culture. □

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هكذا من الأصل

Escape from Auschwitz

Imprisoned at one of the camps in the Auschwitz complex, MICHAEL CHECINSKI must be one of the few Jews who succeeded in escaping his Nazi captors. Now a Jerusalemite currently working at Harvard's Russian Research Centre, he told the story of his first steps to freedom to the centre's librarian SUSAN JO CARDOS.

BY JANUARY 1945, my brother Salek and I had been working in Gleiwitz I concentration camp for four months. Then the Russians started a huge offensive, and the Germans, in their retreat, tried to wipe out all traces of their crime against humanity. That meant emptying the camps of all prisoners.

One evening we were told that next morning we were to get up at three o'clock, evacuate the camp, and march westward.

We were each given half a loaf of bread and a bit of margarine, enough food for maybe one day. On this, we were expected to march 15 to 25 kilometres a day, in the dead of winter, wearing only our thin striped prisoners' uniforms, a light jacket, and shoes made from bark.

By the second day we had nothing to eat. Our ranks were constantly swelled by additional prisoners from other camps, until we formed a column several kilometres long.

On the third day it got colder than ever, with heavy snow and icy winds. By midday, I simply couldn't move another step. All around us were guards with dogs, and if anyone fell by the roadside or couldn't keep up, he was shot on the spot. Nevertheless, I said to Salek, "I'm finished. Leave me, I don't want to go on."

But he wouldn't listen. He got hold of me on one side, and a friend from the Lodz ghetto on the other, and between them they dragged me along, unconscious, for how long I don't know. I eventually regained consciousness and somehow pulled myself together sufficiently to stumble along between them.

My brother had managed to do this despite an infected wound in his foot, and before evening he too collapsed, and our roles were reversed. It was on this night, after we both nearly died, that we decided to escape.

We had stopped to sleep at a cement factory. The place was an absolute refrigerator, the floor like ice. Our group from the Lodz ghetto decided to sleep huddled together in a circle; if one got too cold, he would be put in the middle. We changed and changed about all through the night. By morning, of course, dozens had frozen to death. I will never forget how they looked. Like figures of stone.

Because in the final days the Germans were not so well organized, some of the dead men were wearing ordinary clothing, and not the striped prisoner's uniform. Those of us who had survived the night and were determined to escape took these clothes from the corpses and discarded our uniforms. It was horrible, taking the clothes off the bodies, but it was our only hope.

That was the third night. On the fourth night we came to rest at a big German farm. We slept in the hayloft of an enormous barn.

THE DOZEN of us from Lodz decided that we wouldn't leave next morning; we would hide in the hay until everyone else had gone. Another group of boys had the same idea, so altogether there were about 20 of us involved in the escape plan.

In the morning, after all the prisoners had gone, the boys started calling out to each other from their hiding places in different parts of the barn.

"Yitzhak! Moishe! Yoine!" they called. "Where are you?" "How do you feel? Are you all right?"

My place happened to be just by the wall, and through knotholes in the wood I could see some *Hitler Jugend* boys in the field below. They heard sounds coming from the barn and ran off towards the road.

Soon I saw police approaching, carrying long pitchforks. They climbed up into the loft and began to poke around in the hay. I think they found about half of us, but I couldn't be sure. But they didn't discover me, and when, after some time, I heard Salek calling my name, I knew they hadn't discovered him either.

My heart sank, nevertheless. Only I knew that there was still one German left in the barn, listening for tell-tale sounds.

I knew, because he was sitting on my head. I could feel the pressure of his body, maybe a metre above me. If he heard any rustling, he must have thought it was the rustling of his own boots in the hay. But he heard my brother, and the others. After a while he ferreted them all out with his pitchfork. When Salek was taken out, I heard him ask the German to kill him on the spot.

But that was not the fate intended for him. I could see that the *Hitler Jugend* were given guns, and I heard the captured Jewish boys being ordered to run across the field, while the hilarious young Germans shot at them like ducks in a shooting-gallery.

I STAYED in the barn for almost two days, too frightened, too tired to move. But eventually I knew that I had to get away or starve to death.

So, in the middle of the second night, I slipped out of the barn, heading towards the highway. The path to it was littered with corpses, lying in grotesque postures. As I picked my way gingerly through them, I saw in every one the face of my brother.

At that point I didn't care if I were killed as well. I was alive and moving out of sheer habit, no longer calculating my chances of survival. Even when I spotted an armed guard, it didn't bother me. But he didn't see me and I crossed the highway in safety.

I found myself in an apparently endless field of deep snow. I was so weak that I could only stumble along a few steps at a time, collapsing every few metres. I would eat some snow, wait until some strength returned, and then resume my snail's progress.

Eventually I came to a village. I was to learn later that it was called Schnellewalde. Immediately, all the dogs set up a tremendous howl. It was horrible.

I made three quick decisions: to stay on the outskirts of the village; to find the house of a poor family (rich peasants were more likely to be in cahoots with the Nazis); and to pick a house without a dog.

When I found what I judged to be a promising house, I knocked on a window. After a time, the door was opened by a very tall old man with a drooping moustache. At the sight of me he froze.

"What do you want?" he asked suspiciously.

"Some water, please," I replied in German.

He beckoned me in and told me to sit down on a bench in the big anteroom. A middle-aged woman with a baby in her arms, apparently the mistress of the house, and another old man came in. I had awakened the entire family. The first old man told the woman to bring some coffee. Without a question, she brought me a big pot of cold coffee with milk. I drained the pot in a single gulp.

It was my first contact with ordinary human beings since the beginning of the war.

MY FEELING of security was short-lived. Two young people, obviously farm-hands, appeared — a boy and a girl.

"Bruno," the mistress ordered the boy, "go next door and tell the *Bauernführer* who we have here."

The *Bauernführer*, the farm controller, was the highest official in a village. I couldn't restrain myself from blurting out:

"Don't think that you'll get away with murdering me. The Russian front is very close; there will be witnesses. I had hoped that you belonged to the 'Other Germany' — the Germany of Goethe, Heine, and Schiller..."

At this point, I burst into tears. The woman and the old man stared at me, then turned on their heels and left without another word.

"Don't worry," Bruno said to me good-naturedly. "She had to say that to cover herself. If the Germans should find you, she had witnesses that she told me to turn you in. Otherwise, she and her whole family would be shot. They are good people, this family. Lucky you didn't knock on the *Bauernführer's* door. Now, come with us. Everything will be fine."

And they took me into the cowshed with them, Bruno, a strong Ukrainian lad, and Jadwiga, a beautiful Polish peasant.

They did everything they could to make me comfortable. Bruno gave me his only spare set of clothing, throwing mine, which still retained some traces of prison, into the manure silo.

Jadwiga milked the cows and brought me fresh warm milk — the first I had tasted in five years. Bruno took some potatoes, which were roasting on the fire for the pigs, and fed me a little at a time, so as not to burst my shrunken stomach.

Jadwiga filled a big wooden barrel with hot water to give me a bath. She undressed me like a child. As she washed me gently from head to foot, she cried silently, her tears falling onto my shaven head. Her hands were like the hands of an angel.

"Jesu Christe — Matka Boska, Jesu Christe — Matka Boska," she murmured over and over at the sight of my skeletal body.

Bruno made a bed for me in the hay and covered me with a blanket. They had asked me few questions, but I told them everything they wanted to know. About the death march. About my brother. The contrast between the horror I had been through and the human warmth I found in the cowshed gave me a slightly surrealistic feeling. I think that they too, for different reasons, were in a state of shock.

Luxuriating in their protection, I slept soundly, dreamlessly, in the hay, not knowing what tomorrow would bring, but for the first time daring to believe that I would survive.

IT WAS NEARLY noon when I awoke. I saw the mistress of the house go into the cowshed with another woman, who emerged leading a calf she seemed to have bought. They both saw me, but appeared to ignore me. As soon as they had gone, Bruno and Jadwiga came and told me that the second

POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed by Jerry Hyman and Michael Schneider. In English. (Hilton, Little Theatre, tonight at 9.30; King David, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

DIASPORA YESHIVA BAND — (Mt. Zion Centre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

EVENING OF JAZZ — Shimon Reuven, piano, Eddy Rozanov, bass, Hovav Yisraeli, saxophone, Oren Freed, drums. (Tzavta, 38 King George, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

FRIDAY JAZZ MEET — (Pargod, 97 Bezalel, today from 2-5 p.m.)

HAGASHASH HAHIVER — In "Cracker vs. Cracker" written and directed by Yossi Banai. (Jerusalem Theatre, Monday at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ — The "Sounds of Heaven" band. (Pargod, Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

THE JERUSALEM CRICKET — Live literary magazine. (Israel Museum, Wednesday at 8 p.m.)

JEWISH CABARET — Yiddish and English songs with Daniel Ziff and Gladys Hedaya. (Hilton, Little Theatre, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

LADINO — Latin Jewish rock. (Israel Centre, 10 Straus, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

MASS — Hard rock band. (JBR Club, Corner Agrippas and Mesilat Yesharim, Wednesday at 8 p.m.)

ME, SIMON AND LITTLE MOISE — With Yossi Banai. (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

MUSIC IN THE GARDEN — Guitarists Miki Gross and Chai Toister play Israeli, classical and American folk tunes. (The Garden Cafe, 28 King David Street, tomorrow through Thursday, 4.00-5.30 p.m.)

PANTOMINE — With Hanoch Rosen. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

YIDDISH POETRY AND SONG — With actor Leibo Levin, Singer Paulina Einbinder, pianist Svetlana Einbinder. (Tzavta, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

YOUR PEOPLE ARE MINE — Pop musical based on the Book of Ruth. In English. (Hilton, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

AWAKENING — Shemtov Levy and Amos Oanor. (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gvirol, tonight at 9.30).

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — (Dan Hotel, Sunday)

DINNER DANCE SHOW — The Shagririm. (Asia House, tomorrow)

ENTERTAINMENT '81 — Directed by Motti Mizrahi and Arik Shapira with singers, musicians and dancers. (Tel Aviv Museum, Thursday at 7 p.m.)

HAGASHASH HAHIVER — (Beit Hehayal, Weizmann and Pinkus, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.; Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

ME, SIMON AND LITTLE MOISE — (Holon, Rina, tonight at 9.45; Beit Hehayal, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

NEW BUT USED — David Broza and Yonathan Gefen. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 8 p.m.)

SHLOMO ARTZI — (Tzavta, tomorrow at 10.45 p.m.)

TALES OF A SMALL VILLAGE — Riska Taz, Yigal Harad and the Molombo band (Rehovot, Wix, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

Haifa

HAGASHASH HAHIVER — (Municipal Theatre, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

ME, SIMON AND LITTLE MOISE — (Municipal Theatre, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

POETRY EVENING — (Little Theatre, Tuesday at 6 p.m.)

Other Towns

HAGASHASH HAHIVER — (Tivon, tonight at 9.45)

DANCE

Jerusalem

JERUSALEM DANCE COMPANY — Artistic director: Yonatan Carmon. (Jerusalem Theatre, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

PIONEERS OF MODERN DANCE IN THE U.S. — Lecture, slides, films, demonstrations. With Mor Eden. Directed by David Eden. (Central Library for Music and Dance, 26 Bialik, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

SWAN LAKE — Screening of the 1956 Russian film. (Tel Aviv Museum, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

CHILDREN OF THEATRE STREET — Video. U.S.-U.S.S.R. co-production of the film about the Russian Ballet. (Tel Aviv Museum, Monday at 9 p.m.)

FOR CHILDREN & YOUTH

Jerusalem

MISH-MASH THEATRE — Play with marionettes. (Karon, Liberty Bell Garden, Monday at 4.30 p.m.)

KNOTS — Puppet Theatre. (Karon, Liberty Bell Garden, Tuesday at 4.30 and 8.30 p.m.)

THE KING AND THE MOON — Programme for children aged 5-9. (Karon, Liberty Bell Garden, Wednesday at 4.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

EFRAIM'S GRANDMOTHER — Play by Hagit Rechbi; directed by Michael Gurvitz. Presented by the Theatre for Children and Youth. (Ramat Gan, today; Netanya, Sunday; Rishon Lezion, Monday)

KNOTS — (Arena Theatre, 1 Reines, tomorrow at 11 a.m., 4.30 and 9 p.m.)

HANDS — Play by Ada Ben Nahum, directed by Tsipi Pins. Presented by the Theatre for Children and Youth. (Kfar Sava, Amal, Sunday and Monday)

SHLOMIELI THE DETECTIVE — (Herzliya, Tuesday, Holon, Wednesday and Thursday)

Other towns

THE TOWN HEAD — Play based on George Orwelle's "Animal Farm." By Goren & Co (Hod Hasharon, today)

IT HAPPENS ONCE, IT HAPPENS TO ALL — Songs and stories written and performed by Benny Porat. (Sderot, today, Hod Hasharon, Sunday, Na'an, Monday, Mate Yehuda, Tuesday, Wednesday, Tiberius, Thursday)

QUEEN OF THE RAINS — Arik's puppet theatre. (Merhavim, Sunday, Ashkelon, Monday, Arad, Wednesday, Eshkol, Thursday)

A GIFT FROM AGNON — Play based on short stories by Shai Agnon. Presented by the Theatre for Children and Youth. (Ofakim, Sunday, Arad, Monday, Eilat, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday)

EFRAIM'S GRANDMOTHER — (Upper Galilee, Tuesday, Hod Hasharon, Thursday)

HANDS — (Migdal Ha'emek, Wednesday)

Meryl Streep and Jeremy Irons in "The French Lieutenant's Woman". The new British film is reviewed on page D.

THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

THE BALCONY — By Jean Genet. Khan Theatre production, directed by Ya'acov Raz (Khan, tomorrow, Sunday and Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE LAST OF THE WORKERS — Yehoshua Sobol's play about A.D. Gordon the ideologist of the *halutzim*, staged in the form of a circus show. Directed by Nola Chilton. (Jerusalem Theatre, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

MAN TO MAN — Written and directed by Ronit Hacham. Pargod Theatre production. Explores tensions between Ashkenazim and Sephardim (Pargod, 94 Bezalel, tomorrow and Monday at 9.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

ACCIDENTAL DEATH OF AN ANARCHIST — By Italian writer, Dario Fo. About the murder by the police of Guseppi Pinelli, an anarchist arrested on suspicion of performing an act of terror but cleared of guilt posthumously. Habimah production. (Habimah, Large Hall, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

ADAM'S PURIM PARTY — Based on "Adam Resurrected" by Yoram Kaniuk. Directed by Nola Chilton (Neve Zedek Theatre Centre, 6 Yehiel, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

ATTRITION — Comedy by Benny Hadar about War of Attrition in an Israeli stronghold by the Suez Canal. Haifa Theatre production (Habimah, Large Hall, Wednesday and Thursday at 9 p.m.)

BATTERED WOMEN — Presented by the Theatre Group. Directed by Nola Chilton. Movement by Daniella Michaeli (Neve Zedek Theatre Centre, Tuesday and Wednesday at 9 p.m., Bat Yam, Tzavta, tonight at 9.30)

CATASTROPHE X 2 — Musical comedy by Arie Saver. (Briza Café-Theatre, 80 Herbert Samuel, Tuesday at 10 p.m.)

EXILES — Based on James Joyce's only play. Habimah production (Habimah, Small Hall, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

EXPERIMENTAL THEATRE — One-man show by Motti Shirin combining text, movement, objects serving as symbols and music for tape and a percussion machine (constructed especially for the show by Shirin), written and executed by Yossi Mar Haim (Arena Theatre, 1 Reines, tomorrow at 6.30 p.m.)

FILUMENA — Comedy by Eduardo de Filippo about a former inmate of a bordello who becomes a good wife and mother. Habimah production (Habimah, Large Hall, tomorrow at 6.30 and 9.30 p.m.)

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM — Stephen Sondheim's musical farce of ancient Rome. Produced by the Z.O.A. House Drama Circle. In English. (Z.O.A. House, 1 Daniel Frisch, Monday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

GOOD LITTLE GIRLS — On the experiences of women from childhood to old age. Written and directed by Loscha Rosenberg. (Arena Theatre, tomorrow at 11 p.m., Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

KOKONAR — By Ami and Rachel Berkman. Music by Yossi Mar Haim. (Tel Aviv Museum, Monday at 10 a.m. and 9.30 p.m.)

THE LAST STRIPTEASE — Political satire by Yehoshua Sobol and Hillel Mittelpunkt (Kfar Sava, tonight)

LIKE A BULLET IN THE HEAD — Monodrama about marital betrayal, written by Miriam Keini. With Ilan Dar. (Tzavta, tonight at 8.30 p.m.; Wednesday at 10.30 p.m.)

MAN TO MAN — (Beit Lessin, 34 Weizmann, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR — By Shakespeare. Cameri production (Cameri, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

A NIGHT IN MAY — By A.B. Yehoshua. Haifa Theatre production (Habimah, Small Hall, tomorrow and Sunday)

THE ORATION — By Haim Hazaz. Directed and performed by Michael Kfir. A young *halutz* delivers an oration to a group of comrades, in which he castigates the Jewish people for having wallowed in their suffering for 2,000 years. Haifa Theatre production (Tel Aviv University, today at 11, Te'atron Hamadregot, Dizengoff St., Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

THE PARASITE — Combines puppet theatre and dance. Box Theatre production (Tel Aviv Museum, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

PLATOON THREE, SQUAD ONE — Dalik Vallnitz's first play based on his personal experiences. Presented by the Theatre Group. Directed by Izhik Weingarten. Movement by Daniella Michaeli (Neve Zedek Theatre Centre, tonight at 10, tomorrow, Sunday and Monday at 9 p.m.)

THE RED BIRD — About women's rituals. Written by Orit Blozer. (Tel Aviv Museum, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

SOLOMON GRIP — The Cameri's revival of Hanoch Levin's comedy, first performed 12 years ago (Tzavta, Sunday and Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE TRIALS OF JOB — By Hanoch Levin. Based on the biblical story, the play tells of a man's journey from faith and hope to denial and despair, and back. Cameri production (Cameri, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

WE WON'T PAY, WE WON'T PAY — Satire on inflation by Dario Fo. Directed by Gedalia Besser (Tzavta, tonight at midnight, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

WOMAN IN THE SANDS — Directed by Zecharia Toubi (Arena Theatre, tonight at 10 p.m.)

THE WORKSHOP — Jean Claude Grumberg's play about Holocaust survivors resident in Paris who try to reconstruct their lives after the trauma of the camps. (Habimah Small Hall, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

Haifa

ATTRITION — (Municipal Theatre, tomorrow and Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

A NIGHT IN MAY — (Municipal Theatre, Monday at 8.30 p.m.; Wednesday at 4.30 and 8.30 p.m.)

WOMAN ALONE — Monodrama by Simone de Beauvoir. With Ruth Segal (Little Theatre tonight at 9.30)

Other towns

ACCIDENTAL DEATH OF AN ANARCHIST — (Dimona, Wednesday, Kiryat Gat, Thursday)

BATTERED WOMEN — (Yavne, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.; Kiryat Shmona, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE TRIALS OF JOB — (Revivim, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

(Continued on page C)

Jerusalem Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, November 14, 1981

CINEMA 1 סינמה 1 in Jerusalem Cinema

Buses 18, 19, 24 Tel. 415067

Fri., Nov. 13 at 2:
I. AIRPLANE
II. THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY
Sat., Nov. 14:
THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY 6.45
ROCK SHOW 9.30
Sun., Nov. 15. **NOVECENTO 1900** (Part I) 6.45
NOVECENTO 1900 (Part II) 9.15
Mon., Nov. 16. **NOVECENTO 1900** (Part I) 6.45
NOVECENTO 1900 (Part II) 9.15
Tues. Nov. 17. **ROCK SHOW** 7
LIFE OF BRIAN 9.15
Wed., Nov. 18:
LIFE OF BRIAN 7
THE THIN LINE 9.15
Thur., Nov. 19
THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN 6.45
THE THIN LINE 9.30

EDEN
3rd week
EYE OF THE NEEDLE
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

EDISON
DEATH HUNT
4, 7, 9

HABIRAH
Closed for renovations

ISRAEL MUSEUM
Sun., Wed., Thur. 3.30
SLEEPING BEAUTY
Tues. 6, 8.30
O LUCKY MAN

KFIR
6th week
RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

MITCHELL
THE FRENCH LIEUTENANT'S WOMAN
6.45, 9

ORGIL
TARZAN THE APE MAN
4, 7, 9

ORION Tel. 222914
2nd week

... by franco zeffirelli
brooke shields
martin hewitt
4, 6.45, 9

ORNA Tel. 224733
* GENE WILDER
* RICHARD PRYOR
in a Sidney Poitier film
STIR CRAZY
4, 7, 9

RON
7th week
MONTENEGRO
4, 7, 9

SEMADAR
Jerusalem premiere
LA CAGE AUX FOLLES (Part 2)
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9.15

SMALL AUDITORIUM BINYENEI HA'UMA
SITTING DUCKS
7, 9

Tel Aviv Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, November 14, 1981

ALLENBY
4th week
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
* BILL MURRAY
STRIPES

BEN YEHUDA
7th week
A new film by Dusan Makavejev
MONTENEGRO
* SUSAN ANSPACH
* ERLAND JOSEPHSON
* PER OSCARSSON
Tonight 10, 12
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

CHEN
Closed for renovations

CINEMA ONE
2nd week
Tonight 10, 12
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
LES SOUS DOUES
(How to Madden the Teacher and succeed in the Exams)

CINEMA TWO
2nd week
MOSCOW DOES NOT BELIEVE IN TEARS
Tonight 9.45, 12
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

DEKEL
8th week
7.15, 9.30
Mel Brooks'
HISTORY OF THE WORLD
(PART ONE)
* DOM DELUISE
* MADELINE KAHN
* CLORIS LEACHMAN

DRIVE-IN
Sat and weekdays 5.45
STAR CRASH
* CHRISTOPHER PLUMER
* CAROLYN MONRO

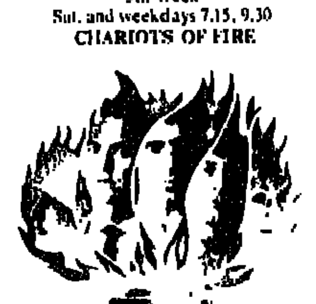
Adults only
Tonight 10, 12.15
Sat. 7.30, 9.30 12
Weekdays 7.30, 9.30
* SYLVIA KRISTEL
JULIA LOVES MEN

ESTHER Tel. 225610
3rd week
FALLING IN LOVE AGAIN
* ELLIOT GOULD
* SUSANNAH YORK
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

DOLPHINARIUM
Charles Clore Park, T.A.
Buses 33, 61, 48, 12, 10, 8, 25, 10

PERISCOPE
New cinema for good films
Festival Dusan Makavejev
on the occasion of his visit to Israel
Every week — another film
This week Sat. and weekdays 8, 9.45
SWEET MOVIE
Next movies: From Sat., Nov. 21
W.R. THE MYSTERIES OF THE ORGANISM
From Sat., Nov. 28: **A MAN IS NOT A BIRD**
From Sat., Nov. 5: **THE OPERATOR**

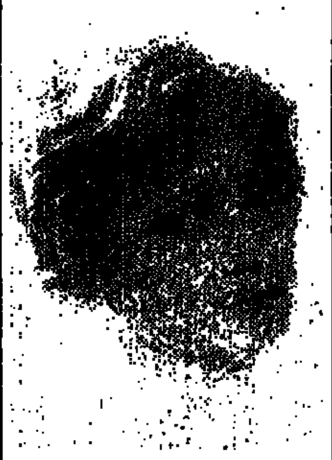
DOLPHITEK
The cinema for quality films
5th week
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30
CHARIOTS OF FIRE



GAT
Mozart • Joseph Losey
DON GIOVANNI

National premiere
Saturday 8.30
Weekdays 5, 8.30
Dolbey stereo sound

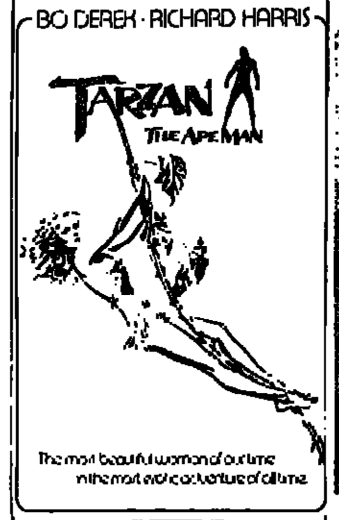
NEW CINEMA GORDON גורדון
2nd week
MALOU



"Small, personal, intimate and very passionate film"
The Jerusalem Post
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.30, 9.30
5 special screenings, weekdays 5.30
A Werner Herzog film
STROSZEK

HOD
Israel premiere
Friday at 10
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
NIGHTKILL
* JACQUELINE SMITH

LIMOR
Israel premiere
Tonight 9.45, 12
Sat. and weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30



MAXIM
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE
* JACK NICHOLSON
* JESSICA LANGE
Director Bob Rafelson

MOGRABI
10th week
EYE OF THE NEEDLE
* DONALD SUTHERLAND
* KATE NELLIGAN
Tonight at 10
Sat. and Tues. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ORLY
3rd week
4.30, 7.15, 9.30
BREAKER MORANT

PARIS
9th week
DIVINE MADNESS
10, 12, 2, 4, 7.15, 9.30

PEER
Israel Premiere
THE BODYGUARD
Directed by Tony Bill
* CHRIS MAKEPEACE
* RUTH GORDON
* MATT DILLON
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

SHAHAFF
2nd week

brooke shields
martin hewitt
a film by franco zeffirelli
Friday 9.30, 12 midnight
Saturday 7, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30

STUDIO Tel. 295327
2nd week
Tonight at 10
Sat. 7, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30

* MERYL STREEP

TAMUZ
(formerly Ramat Aviv)
Today at 3; Tue. at 9.30
SWEPT AWAY

Tonight at 9.30, 11.30
Led Zeppelin
in
THE SONG REMAINS THE SAME

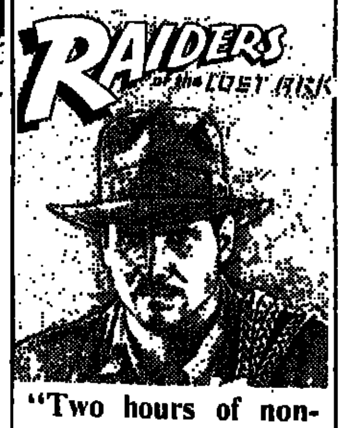
Sat. and weekdays at 7.15
* **CLINT EASTWOOD**
ANY WHICH WAY YOU CAN

Sat. and weekdays at 9.30 (not Tue.)
ORFEU NEGRO

Sat. at 11 a.m., Mon., Thur. at 4 p.m.
THE BIG BRAWL

TCHELET
32nd and last week
4.30, 7.15, 9.30
Sat. 7, 9.30
COAL MINER'S DAUGHTER
* SISSY SPACEK
Best actress 1980
7 Academy award nominations including Best Picture award. Also starring: Tommy Lee Jones

TEL AVIV
6th week
Tonight 10, 12
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30



"Two hours of non-stop thrills" (Time)
The return of the great adventure!
★
A GEORGE LUCAS—STEVEN SPIELBERG FILM

ZAFON
4th week
LA VIE CONTINUE
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

Haifa Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, November 14, 1981

AMPHITHEATRE
* PAUL NEWMAN
* STEVE MCQUEEN
* FAYE DUNAWAY
TOWERING INFERNO
Sat. 6.45, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 6.30, 9

ARMON
6th week
RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK
* HARRISON FORD
* KAREN ALLEN
* PAUL FREEMANS
Sat. 6.45, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 6.30, 9

ATZMON
2nd week
A thriller
DEATH HUNT
* CHARLES BRONSON
* LEE MARVIN
4, 6.45, 9

CHEN
7th week
* SISSY SPACEK
1980 Academy Award winner
COAL MINER'S DAUGHTER
Sat. 6.45, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 6.30, 9

GALOR
From Friday, 10.2.7
Jack Verdan in
USED CARS
A karate film
SHAO LIN MANTIS

KEREN OR
Amithaw Bajlan
Amjald Hahn
in the Indian film
MR. WATERLA
5.45, 8.30

MORIAH
10th week
THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE
6.45, 9

ORAH
2nd week
* SHIRLEY MACLAINE
* BO DEREK
* ANTHONY HOPKINS
in a romantic comedy
A CHANGE OF SEASONS
Music by Henry Mancini
Sat. and weekdays 6.30; 9.15

ORION
From Friday; 6 nonstop performances
A new sexy sensation, for adults only
THE SECRET OF A SUPERSTAR

RON
EXCALIBUR
6.15, 9

ORLY
* CHARLTON HESTON
* YUL BRYNNER
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS
Special performance times
Saturday, at 8 only
Weekdays 4, 8

PEER
Dushan Makavejev's new film
MONTENEGRO
* SUSAN ANSPACH
* ERLAND JOSEPHSON
* PER OSCARSSON
Adults only No complimentary tickets

SHAVIT
The excellent Hungarian film
ANGI VERA
English subtitles
6.45, 9

Ramat Gan Cinemas

ARMON
Agatha Christie's
MIRROR CRACK'D
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

LILY
2nd week
THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE
* JACK NICHOLSON
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

OASIS
2nd week
CITY OF WOMEN
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9.30
Mat. at 4: **L'ANIMAL**

ORDEA
2nd week
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30
CHANGE OF SEASONS

RAMA
8th week
COAL MINER'S DAUGHTER
7.15, 9.30

RAMAT GAN
In conjunction with the Dekel Cinema, Tel Aviv:
Mel Brooks'
HISTORY OF THE WORLD
(PART ONE)
* DOM DELUISE
* MADELINE KAHN
* CLORIS LEACHMAN
7.15, 9.30

Herzliya Cinemas

DAVID
RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK
4, 7, 9.30

TIFERET
ENTER THE NINJA
* FRANCO NERO
7.15, 9.15

PETAH TIKVA Cinemas

SHALOM
HURRY, HURRY
Sat. 7, 9.15; Sun. 4, 9; Mon., Thur. 7, 9; Tue. 4, 7, 9

Netanya Cinemas

ESTHER
2nd week
GREEN ICE
7, 9.15

Ramat Hasharon Cinemas

☆STAR
Today at 3
Tuesday at 9.30
THE SEVEN BEAUTIES

Tonight at 9.30, 12
Sat. and weekdays at 7
THE WILD BUNCH

Sat., Sun., Mon., Wed., Thur. 9.30
DEATH ON THE NILE

Sat. at 11 a.m. and 3 p.m.
Mon., Tue. 4
Walt Disney's
THE ROBINSON FAMILY

The Training Centre of the Israel Broadcasting Authority is opening a

Course in Makeup for Television

Applicants with a secondary school education may apply. Those with makeup experience will be given preference. The course will last two months and take place thrice weekly during the afternoon hours at the Broadcasting Authority's Training Centre in Jerusalem.

Course opening on Sunday, December 13, 1981. Tuition, to cover expenditure, is IS1600.

Registration: Registration forms are available at the Training Centre, 9 Rehov Hame'asef, Jerusalem.

Applications must be accompanied by a photo, certification of educational background, curriculum vitae and IS50 registration fee. All applications must be accompanied by the applicant's full address and postal code. Applications with incomplete addresses will not be considered.

Deadline for registration is on Friday, November 20, 1981.

Note: The Broadcasting Authority does not undertake to employ course graduates.

"Good Little Girls": Anat Barzilai, Yehudit Ron and Loscha Rosenberg.

MUSIC

All programmes start at 8.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

ORGAN RECITAL — Oskar Gottlieb Blarr (Duesseldorf) plays works of Bach, Satie, Bartok, Blarr. (Redeemer's Church, Old City, tonight at 8)

SATURDAY MORNING CONCERT — Martin Bailly, cello, Gallia Fibner, piano Works by Debussy, Faure, and others (Tzavta, 38 King George, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

CHAMBER MUSIC — Zvia Litevsky, soprano, Tamar Sinai, Israel Zofim, Idith Bar-Moshe, Cilla Jacobi, recorders, Ziona Bela, piano, David Yitstung, cello. Renaissance, Baroque and 20th century music. (Tzavta, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

ISRAEL SINFONIETTA-BEERSHEVA — Avner Itai, conductor, Michala Petri, recorder, Joffe: Sinfonietta de Camera: Vivaldi, Concerto for soprano, recorder and orchestra in C Major, op.44, No.11; Handel Concerto for treble recorder and orchestra in F Major. Haydn: Symphony no.92 in G Major (YMCA, Sunday)

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Michael Tilson Thomas, conductor. Zecharia Plavin, piano. Works by Glinka, Beethoven and Tchaikovsky (Binyenei Ha'uma, Monday)

JERUSALEM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA — Mostly Bach concert. George Malcolm, conductor, William Bennett, flute J.S Bach Suite no 1 in C Major; Brandenburg Concerto no.5 in D Major; C.P.E. Bach Flute concerto in D Minor; Arne Harpsichord Concerto (Jerusalem Theatre, Wednesday and Thursday)

Tel Aviv area

11.11 SERIES — Bracha Eden and Alexander Tamir in a programme of works for piano, four hands, and two pianos (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gvirol, tomorrow at 11.11 a.m.)

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Michael Tilson Thomas, conductor, Pnina Salzman, piano. Works by Mendelssohn, Mozart, Schoenberg and Brahms (Mann Auditorium, tomorrow)

MUSIC SPECTRUM — Boris Berman, director, Menahem Breuer, violin, Emilie Berendson, mezzo-soprano, Richard Lesser clarinet, Boris Berman, piano. Works by Brahms, Liszt and others (Tel Aviv Museum tomorrow)

NEW FACES — Young artists in a programme of Poulenc, Brahms and Martinu (Tel Aviv Museum Tuesday

Haifa

HAIFA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA — Yitzhak Steiner, conductor. Works by Bach, Bartok and Mozart (Haifa Museum, Sunday at 5 p.m.)

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Michael Tilson Thomas, conductor Pnina Salzman, piano. Works by Mendelssohn Mozart, Schoenberg and Brahms (Auditorium, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday)

CHURCH CONCERT — Sylvia Shanno soprano, Eli Freud organ. Works by Bach, Buxtehude, Scarlatti. (Stella Maris Church, Tuesday at 7.30 p.m.)

Other Towns

ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Nicholas Kraemer, conductor Eli Heifetz, clarinet. Elgar Serenade op.20, Weber Clarinet Concerto no.1 in F Minor, Boyce 4 Symphonies; Stravinsky "Dumbarton Oaks" concerto. (Omer, Thursday)

OPERA

ISRAEL NATIONAL OPERA (Tel Aviv, 1 Allenby St.) Stage directors: Abraham Nino, Zvi Fefer, Rio Novello. Conductors Alexander Tarski, Itzhak Steiner, Arieh Levanon Chorus conductor: Dr. H. Pinkus.

GRAFIN MARIZA — (Tel Aviv, tomorrow, Wednesday)

MADAMA BUTTERFLY — (Tel Aviv, Sunday)

DIE FLEDERMAUS — (Tel Aviv, Monday)

LA BOHEME — (Tel Aviv, Thursday)

For last minute changes in programmes or times of performances, please contact Box Office.

FILMS IN BRIEF

ANGI VERA — Fascinating study of indoctrination by Hungarian writer-director Pal Gabor. The film centres on Veronica Papp (Angi), a student nurse orphaned by the Second World War who is converted into an ambitious Party member.

THE BIG BRAWL — Jackie Chan as Jerry Kwan, son of a restaurant owner in '30s Chicago, who desposes of 3 Mafia thugs who have been trying to extort protection money from his people.

CITY OF WOMEN — According to Federico Fellini this film is the grand sum of all the films he has made before. It certainly provides deep insight into the man, his creation and his universe.

COAL MINER'S DAUGHTER — Sissy Spacek re-enacts the life story of Loretta Lynn, America's number one Country and Western singer today. A rich experience — even for those with an aversion to Country and Western music

DEATH ON THE NILE — Beautiful, but spoiled heiress Linnet Ridgeway is murdered on her honeymoon aboard a luxury liner sailing down the Nile. Whodunnit? Agatha Christie's thriller has been adapted to the screen with a large measure of success due to a bevy of film stars whose many talents help to nurse along the story whenever it begins to lag

EXCALIBUR — This modern version of the story of King Arthur and the knights of the round table is certainly no kids stuff.

EYE OF THE NEEDLE — The translation of Ken Follet's spy novel into a movie turns out to be pretty routine. Donald Sutherland has the impossible role of ruthless killer and sensitive lover. And Kate Nelligan, who has been praised as an important new actress, should not have to play the part of a tearful lady in distress.

THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD, PART I — Madcap entertainment through and through, as irreverent as you can expect from Mel Brooks. Starring his regular gang-Dom de Luise, Madeline Kahn, Harvey Korman and Cloris Leachman.

MONTENEGRO — *Gastarbeiter* — the imported workers from the South of Europe who do the dirty jobs of the North — are the subject of Yugoslav director Dusan Makavejev's latest film. Brilliant.

MOSCOW DOES NOT BELIEVE IN TEARS — This Russian film by director Vladimir Menshov won the Oscar Award for Best Foreign Film of 1980. It is surprisingly apolitical dealing with everyday life and people.

1900 — Bernardo Bertolucci's epic film about personal and class struggle and about Italian socialism and fascism. Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Sterling Hayden, Robert De Niro and Gerard Depardieu, are superb. Certainly one of the best and most important films of this decade.

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK — This George Lucas-Stephen Spielberg Venture creates magic out of sheer energy. A glorious, unabashed piece of entertainment

THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE — A gas-station attendant falls in love with the owner's wife. Later the two plan to kill the owner. The fourth remake of James M. Cain's novel still does not exploit its full screen potential

SEVEN BEAUTIES — Lina Wertmuller has created devastating, deathly funny, haunting Brechtian images of man's will to survive in spite of utter degradation. Giancarlo Giannini, Neapolitan rapist murderer rascal, survives German concentration camp by sexual submission to gargantuan camp commandant Shirley Stoler.

SITTING DUCKS — Henry Jaglom's study of two middle aged, neurotic and greedy characters. Zany comedy

STIR CRAZY — Sidney Poitier's comedy about two innocents who are mistakenly accused of robbing a bank and wind up serving a 125-year sentence. Recommended.

STROSZEK — Directed by Werner Herzog and starring Bruno S., this is an extraordinary portrait of the life of a man trying to escape his inevitable destiny. Three friends start life in Germany, attempt to find a new life in America and find that their problems and their fates travel with them. An excellent film that demands to be seen

SWEET MOVIE — Film of avant-garde Yugoslav director Dusan Makavejev is an outrageous offering which deals in explicit terms with human sexuality while attacking the "ideals" of both the capitalist and communist worlds. Film is full of surging energy with lots of wild images and crude humour. Makavejev's talents seem to have run amok and the picture is disappointing after his fascinating "WR-Mysteries of the Organism"

SWEPT AWAY — Tragi-comedy about a rich woman who is marooned on a small uninhabited island with the communist steward of a yacht she has chartered for a pleasure cruise. Lina Wertmuller (Seduction of Mimi) mixes love, sex and politics in a way that is both very amusing and thought provoking. Excellent performances from Mariangelo Melato and Giancarlo Giannini.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS — Cecil B De Mille's re-telling of the Exodus story features Charlton Heston as Moses, Yul Brynner as Pharaoh, and a cast possibly larger than the original

THE THIN LINE — Delicate, well-controlled Israeli film that delves into the lives of an ordinary Tel Aviv family which begins to disintegrate when the mother (Gila Almagor) crosses the thin line from mental health to mental illness. Superb directing by Michal Bat-Adam and excellent acting by the entire cast.

THE TOWERING INFERNO — Suspenseful spectacular about a raging conflagration in the world's tallest skyscraper with the heroics being equally shared between Paul Newman as the architect of the building and Steve McQueen as the Fire Brigade Chief. Burning with excitement

USED CARS — Behind the facade of silly comedy and used jokes, this farce on car salesmen makes savage fun of all the basic values of the past generation. It is crude, vulgar, but quite subversive.

Some of the films listed are restricted to adult audiences. Please check with the cinema.

هكذا من الأصل

·This Week in Israel·The Leading Tourist Guide·

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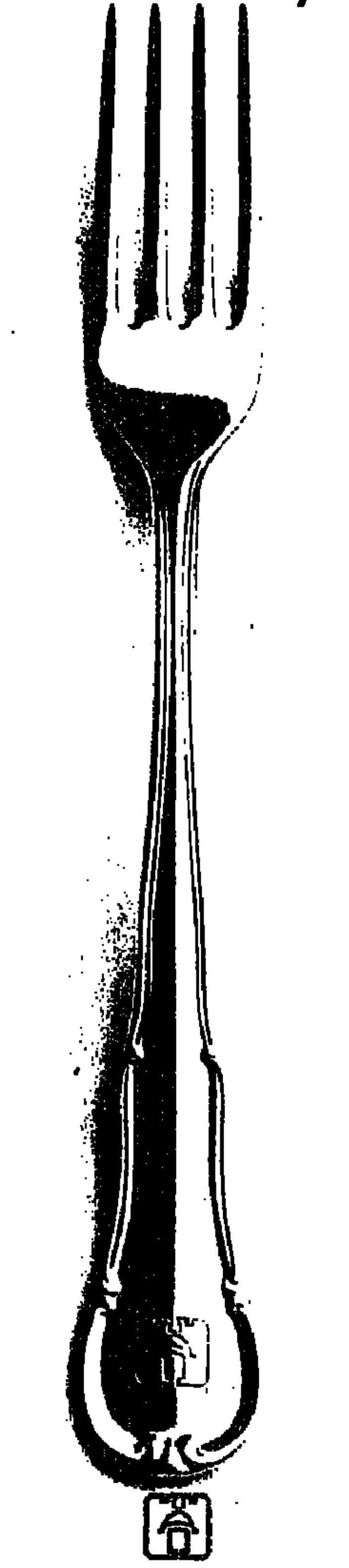
Cow On The Roof



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Fowles on film

CINEMA
Dan Fainaru

WHEN IT FIRST appeared in print a dozen years ago, *The French Lieutenant's Woman* climbed to the top of the best-seller list, and at the same time won wide critical acclaim. John Fowles swept the romantics off their feet with his passionate story of a Victorian paleontologist, Charles Smithson, who falls in love with the mysterious Sarah Woodruff, a woman of dubious reputation whose actions and attitudes set her apart from her society. The setting (the Dorset harbour town of Lyme) and the period (the 1860s) add to the romantic interest.

But the novel also charmed the intellectuals with its clever distancing of the author from his subject. Fowles inserted his own 20th century reflections on the story and its characters and went out of his way to speculate on the social, political and psychological considerations necessary to both the reading and the writing of such a novel. He even supplied three different endings, leaving the reader free to pick for himself.

The film industry, of course, couldn't let such a gem go by. Since 1969, all attempts to bring the novel to the screen failed, until director Karl Reisz (said to be Fowles' original choice) and playwright Harold Pinter joined forces to turn the trick.

TO SOLVE the problem presented by the book's dual-level narrative, Pinter and Reisz decided to invent a parallel plot to the Smithson-Woodruff romance. The film thus moves back and forth between 1867 and 1980, between the 19th century lovers and a contemporary film crew shooting a movie based on their story. The stars of the movie-within-a-movie, Anna and Mike, are conducting their own affair while playing the roles of Sarah and Charles.

These intricate shifts are accomplished with admirable intelligence and the audience has no difficulty whatsoever in following the plot.

As the film opens, a clapboard on the screen informs us that a scene from a movie is being shot. The camera follows the cloaked figure of a woman walking along a breakwater, fighting a strong wind. She stops to gaze at the agitated sea. The camera movement is intricate and it is clear that the audience is meant to be conscious of the technicians behind the camera and their intentions.

There is a tendency to sink into the story, to forget about the director and his technical crew as the Victorian lovers' tale unfolds. But just as the viewer has settled down comfortably, he is jolted into another reality as the male protagonist (his sideburns suspiciously shorter than in the preceding shot) answers the telephone ringing at his bedside.

THIS PIRANDELLIAN game of a movie-within-a-movie goes on all through the film, with the modern component taking up about a quarter of the running time. The sparse, efficient dialogue written by Pinter resists any temptation towards gushing sentimentality and says only the absolutely necessary. Even more outstanding are the silences Pinter supplies, when Freddie Francis' camera takes over completely and with breathtaking beauty.

The past is suffused in a romantic glow — blazes of light burst through the branches of the ancient forest where the lovers first meet, mists blow in from the sea, and the interiors are as dark, stifling and rigid as the Victorian morality. In contrast, the present is sharply focused with clear images.

Some moments, like the glance Sarah throws Smithson when they first meet on the windy breakwater, may well become milestones in the history of the cinema.

If the Reisz-Pinter combination works wonders for the narration, the Reisz-Meryl Streep combination is no less marvellous. Streep's acting in this film has been regarded by some reviewers as pure alchemy. There is no denying that this is an astonishing performance, creating two separate characters: the tormented, dark, almost pathological Sarah, and the clear-headed, composed and efficient Anna. This dual role is handled with a mastery verging on virtuosity.

Jeremy Irons, playing both Smithson and Mike the actor, does a very good job, giving two versions of man head over heels in love and baffled by a woman he cannot understand.

WITH ALL THIS praise lavished on the film, it would be logical to assume this is an absolute masterpiece. Maybe. Time will tell. But there is a rather cool, remote and calculated quality in the film that surely is not accidental.

While fully admiring the exquisite talent of the filmmakers and realizing that brilliant minds were at work here, there is no escaping the feeling that these minds always kept their distance from the subject they treated — and have deliberately invited the audience to do the same. The viewer is too busy admiring the intellect to be carried away by the yarn it spins.

Indeed, every time there is some danger of the viewer getting too involved with the goings-on, just at the point when he drifts from the position of onlooker to that of emotional participant, Reisz adroitly cuts off to a different time and place, reminding him that he's the audience, that the characters on screen are only fictitious.

This may be one additional proof that contemporary artists, and particularly film directors, have a hard time portraying 19th century authors and stories. Stanley Kubrick was very careful when he filmed Thackeray's *Barry Lyndon* to shield his public from any excessive identification with the character, by using a montage which diminished emotional impact instead of emphasizing it. Roman Polanski almost drowned Hardy's *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* in glorious photography.

Reisz goes the same way, although in this instance he may be following Fowles' example of adding distance and his own perspective. The result is extremely enjoyable, but short of what the ancient Greeks considered to be the true goal of every drama: catharsis. □

Nicks clicks

ROCK, ETC. / Michal Yudelman

FLEETWOOD MAC'S outstanding vocalist and songwriter Stevie Nicks ("Rhiannon," "Sarah," "Dreams") has finally made her solo debut with the album **Bella Donna** (Hed-Artzi), and it was worth waiting for.

Nicks is more than a songwriter; she is also writing ballet music and a series of children's fairy tales. *Bella Donna* was released after a large backlog of songs had accumulated in Nicks' desk, the earliest being from 1973. Nicks has written and composed all the songs on the album but two, "Stop Draggin' My Heart Around" by Tom Petty and Heartbreakers' guitarist Michael Campbell, and "Think About It," on which Nicks collaborated with E Street Band pianist Roy Bittan.

"My songs are more like running commentaries on my life," Nicks says. "They are continuations of other songs I've written, like 'Outside the Rain' is a follow up to 'Dreams.'"

"Bella Donna," the album's title track, and one of its most bewitching cuts, expresses its writer's feelings about the highs and lows of superstardom. The lines, "But the woman is so tired/So the woman disappears" are about Nicks herself and the strain she is constantly in.

Also about life at the top is "After the Glitter Fades," a moving tale of loneliness in Hollywood, written in 1973 (and not in 1975 as is mistakenly printed on the lyric sheet). The oldest song on the album, this melancholy account of the rock star was written long before Nicks and Lindsey Buckingham joined Fleetwood Mac and became rich and famous. So the words "What I seem to touch these days has turned to gold" indicate insight into the future by one who already sees, before actually encountering, "the timeless face of a rock 'n roll woman."

Wrapping up the album is the haunting ballad, "The Highwayman," about (says Nicks) the men in rock music, compared here to those rogues of the road, which "only the highway woman keeps up with the likes of those." Neatly capturing the feel of the endless road and the countless performances, Nicks throws in the magical, unreal quality of that kind of life: "And she wonders is this real, or does she just want to be queen." If the romantic, unreachable highwayman is the male rock musician, it is quite obvious who the "queen" is. And judging by this album, she richly deserves the title.

SO MAYBE he's not breaking any new musical barriers. So maybe it's less than what we expected of superstar Elton John. Say what you like, **The Fox** (Litratone), still has its charm.

Oh, I admit, the first time I listened to it I wasn't that impressed. But when I listened more closely, I discovered two beautiful, romantic instrumental pieces opening side two, "Carla/Etude" and "Fanfare," with Elton on the piano backed by the London Symphony Orchestra.

Then there are some perfectly captivating ballads, like "Chloe," "Elton's Song" and "Nobody Wins," with all the melodic sweep of Elton at his best.

Finally, Bernie Taupin's lyrics, if one takes time to listen to them, are as zappy and original as ever. "The Fox," wrapping up the album, gives a fascinating picture of "the hunter and the hunted on their designated flights." But most interesting and self-revealing is Elton's mean yet touching attack on journalists, in the song "My Heart's in the Right Place":

"I'll make up some answers/Cut you down to size/Then move in for the kill/... (Oh but) My heart's in the right place/On page seventeen."

Stevie Nicks

MIXED SALADS. After Stars On 45 attacked the world with their fragmental imitations, which soon became an inseparable part of every party and nightclub in Israel, we are now presented with **Summer 81** (Litratone), compiled by Uri Cohen and Ilan Ben-Shachar) — a most revolting collection of song-snatches. There's a medley of Abba songs by Stars On 45, a Beatles medley by Radioactive, and a Bee Gees medley (is nothing sacred any more?) which doesn't sound remotely like the Bee Gees. There are other songs and medleys but the whole thing is entirely too disgusting to say any more about. I mean, buy it if you must, but *please* don't bring it to parties! I'd like to see what it's like, for a change, to dance to an entire song from beginning to end, sung by its original singer.

Another salad course is Eastronics' **Hooked on Classics,** named after the album's first cut, which is a medley of Mozart, Beethoven and Tchaikovsky reduced to the same disco tempo (remember the four classic rock albums with the London Symphony Orchestra?). Well, I must admit, it still sounds terrific, played here by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, co-produced by Don Reedman and Jeff Jarrat, and arranged by Louis Clark. Kinda makes you feel more cultured, dancing to the classics.

The rest of the songs, compiled by Yossi Levanon and Ilan Ben-Shachar, are popular hard-rockers, including Eddy Grant's "Living on the Front Line" and "Do you Feel My Love?" (you can't get any hotter than these two), Evelyn King's "I'm in Love," Kate Robbins' "More than in Love" and Carl Carlton's "She's a Bad Mama Jama."

Reliable sources inform me that these last two albums were the top-selling records in Israel this summer and fall.

OUR PALS at Reshet Gimel tell us that the following are the top ten tunes getting airplay these days:

1 "Abacab" — Genesis
2 "Japanese Boy" — Aneka
3 "Pretend" — Alvin Stardust
4 "Start Me Up" — Rolling Stones
5 "Tainted Love" — Soft Cell
6 "The Breakup Song" — Greg Khin Band
7 "Stop Draggin' My Heart Around" — Stevie Nicks
8 "It's My Party" — Dave Stewart & Barbara Gaskin
9 "Invisible Sun" — Police
10 "Wired for Sound" — Cliff Richard

AND THE Gimel Gang informs us these are the best-selling albums:

1 "Naomi Shemer Sings Her Own Works" — Naomi Shemer
2 "Stars on 45" — Stars on 45
3 "Me and Simon" — Yosi Banai
4 "Midnight" — Shlomo Artzi
5 "Twilight" — Matti Caspi
6 "Summer 81" — Various
7 "Shadows on the Sun" — Arik Sinai
8 "Siren" — Yigal Bashan
9 "Chi Mai" — Ennio Morricone
10 "Fifth Step" — Shimi Tavori □

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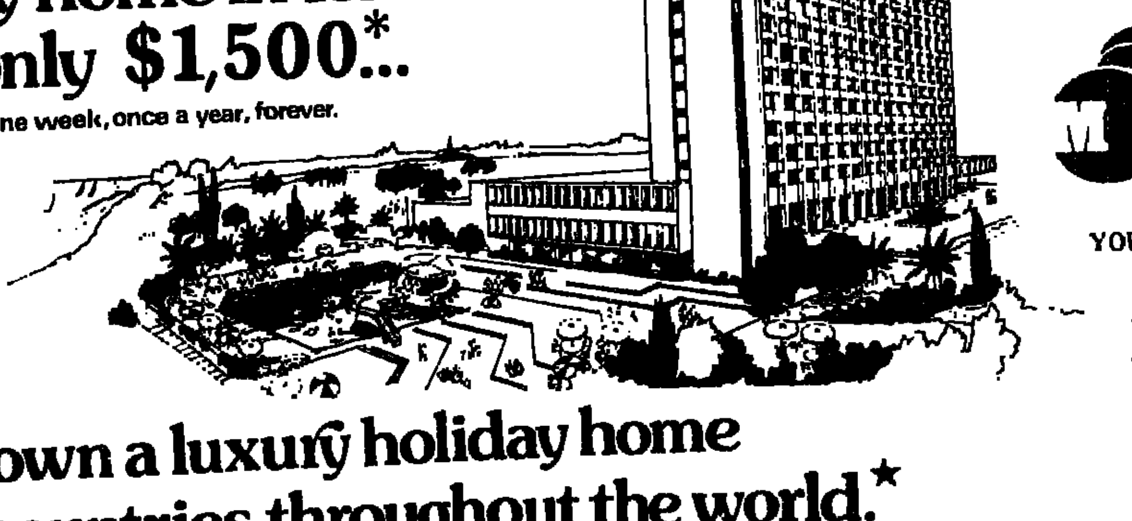

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The big one

BRIDGE
George Levinrew

THE GRAND SLAM has a special allure, even when it is a sacrifice. The following grand slams were reported in the Daily Bulletin of the recent European Championships:

Deal 1
Vul: none

North (D)
♠ 9765
♡ 108
◇ —
♣ AKQ8754

West
♠ K32
♡ KJ6
◇ Q9742
♣ 109

East
♠ QJ10854
♡ 75432
◇ 3
♣ J6

South
♠ A
♡ AQ9
◇ AKJ10865
♣ 32

The bidding with Iceland, North-South in a match against Norway:

North	East	South	West
3 NT (a)	Pass	7♣ (b)	Pass
Pass	7◇ (c)	Dble	Pass
Pass	Redble (d)	Pass	7♡ (e)
Pass	Pass	Dble	All Pass

(a) Gambling three no trump, with a long solid minor.
(b) This must be partner's suit.
(c) I want partner to choose a major.
(d) Partner, please choose your better major!
(e) I hope it won't be too bad.
Result, plus 1700 for North-South

The bidding with Norway sitting North-South:

North	South
Pass	1♣
3 NT	7♣
All Pass	

With the diamonds stacked against him South was set two tricks, giving Norway an additional 100 points. The moral: Iceland bid too much.

Deal 2
Vul: N—S

North
♠ 108
♡ AJ54
◇ AQ7
♣ KJ73

West
♠ KQJ974
♡ 973
◇ J64
♣ 10

East (D)
♠ 653
♡ Q10862
◇ 95
♣ 985

South
♠ A2
♡ K
◇ K10832
♣ AQ642

HERE IS another grand slam in the Holland-Sweden match. The bidding with Holland East-West:

East	South	West	North
Pass	1◇	3♠	4♣
4♠	6♣	Pass	6◇
6♠	Pass	Pass	7♣
Pass	Pass	7♠	Dble
All Pass			

The contract was set seven tricks *for minus 1300 points. In the* replay, North-South were allowed to play in six clubs making 13 tricks for plus 1390, or net for Holland of plus 90. Moral: The grand slam sacrifice against seven clubs was indeed worthwhile. But what would the Swedish East-West do in the replay against a grand slam bid?

Deal 3
Vul: both

North
♠ K3
♡ AJ65
◇ AKJ95
♣ K6

West (D)
♠ 108
♡ K83
◇ 76432
♣ 832

East
♠ J97654
♡ Q107
◇ Q108
♣ 5

South
♠ AQ2
♡ 942
◇ —
♣ AQJ10974

THERE ARE ALSO grand slams against which there is no good sacrifice. This deal was also played in the Holland-Sweden match with both teams reaching and making the grand slam in clubs. It could also be made in no trump for a better score. Would you and your partner get to the grand slam in no trump? The moral: Bid them when you have them. □

A severe case of shell-shock

THEATRE/Mendel Kohansky

THERE ARE ill winds blowing from the Haifa Theatre. They don't bode well. *Attrition* with its lack of professional skills, is symptomatic. It is a play with rock music (*theatrock*, it is called in the advertisements); the action is frequently interrupted, as one of the performers picks up a microphone and belts out a song to the deafening accompaniment of a band which seems to be composed of nothing but percussion. Lights flash, fireworks burst, the performer gyrates like Elvis Presley.

There is nothing wrong with this in principle — the effect of rock music as played in discothèques on the functioning of the eardrums is a subject of concern for ear-doctors, not theatre critics. However, I found nothing worthwhile in the story, the dialogue, the acting, in fact in the very notion of the play (or the lack of one).

Its playwright, Benny Hadar, took his title from the War of Attrition. The action takes place in a bunker on the Suez Canal. There is an element of *déjà vu* in all this; one realls Yehoshua Sobol's *Joker* of seven years back, where the action also took place in a bunker, during the Yom Kippur War. But that was a play with interesting characters, it had bright dialogue, and a point of view.

WHAT *Attrition* most lacks is a point of view, a central idea without which a play is not a play. Unless the idea is that spending weeks in a bunker constantly shelled by enemy artillery is not much fun.

The feeble plot revolves around two soldiers, the commander of the bunker and the medic, who are both waiting for their replacements so that they can return to civilian life. The commander's replacement arrives in the person of the Tiger, a paratrooper captain who struts about like a wound-up puppet, can only shout, and bends iron bars with his naked hands. *As for the medic's* replacement, he arrives on a stretcher, half-dead from a wound received on the way. Needless to say, the medic is in despair.

There are two other inhabitants of the bunker: the doctor, who has a French accent, hates his profession because his patients' ailments bore him, spends most of his time sleeping, and when awake bitches about *everybody; and the sharpshooter*, who whiles away his time keeping up a correspondence with his mother, and maintaining a love-affair with his rifle. However, the attempted whimsy doesn't work. The letters aren't funny, and the relationship with his rifle doesn't convince.

Another theme is woven into the plot. A young soldier is killed but in *this play soldiers don't die, they just* make the desert bloom. Throughout the play, this dead young man, properly white as befits a corpse, sits on top of the bunker (he's dead and therefore not scared by shells), and digs and plants in the sand. I failed to understand the symbolism.

The action is enlivened also by two girls. One of them is a psychologist sent to treat Speiser, the *dead soldier, in his natural environ*ment. Learning of his death, she promptly beds down the Tiger so that the trip should not be a total loss. The other girl is a friend who has come looking for Speiser. She quickly consoles herself with the medic.

As for the dialogue, I confess my evaluation of it is based on incomplete data. I lost most of it, in *part because of the poor diction of* almost the entire cast, and in part because of the faulty acoustics in the cavernous Bet Hahayal. (I was told that the performance in the home theatre is considerably better. This means that the Tel Aviv audience gets an inferior product.)

THE STAGING, by Micah Lewensohn, like the play, is diffuse, and lacks focus. Things happen without any apparent reason and the passage from acting to singing is haphazard and artificial. In the middle of a scene, an actor picks up a microphone, the lights dim, then start flashing, and a song emerges.

Everybody sings, but chiefly Gidi Gov, who plays the medic, I am informed he is one of the singing idols of the generation from which I am separated by a gulf of years and sensibilities.

He was well received by the audience, which consisted almost exclusively of boys and girls in their early twenties who could easily identify with the characters, the songs and the jokes. The lyrics, none of which I could understand, drowned out as they were by the eager drummer, are by Dori Ben Zeev, who also plays the *sharpshooter in* love with his riflle. The elaborate set of a bunker with its front wall sliced off is by Eitan Levy; and Yehiel Orgel designed the lighting and all the fireworks. □

(Mendel Kohansky is going abroad. He will resume his column on December 25.)

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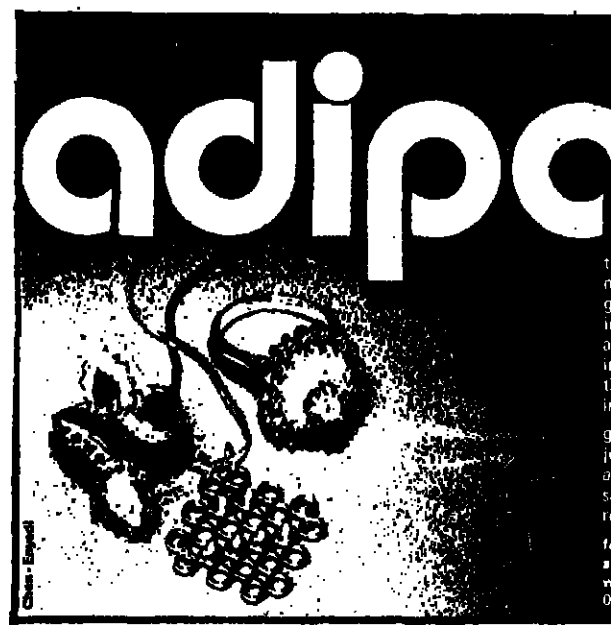

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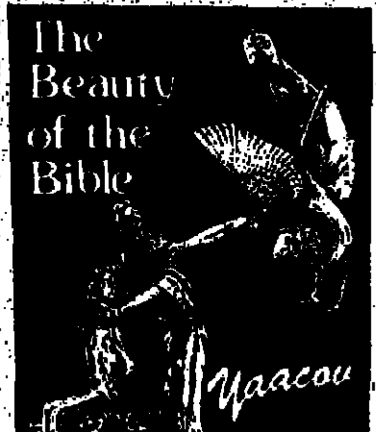

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هكذا من الأهل

The Week's TV/Radio Highlights

NOVEMBER 13 — NOVEMBER 19

FRIDAY

Alec Guinness
TV, 22.05

TV

EDUCATIONAL:
8.15 Literature for Elementary Schools 8.35 Settlement in Modern Israel 9.00 Maths/Geometry 6 9.15 Citizenship 7-9 9.35 Special Education — Our Hour 10.00 Science for Elementary Schools 10.30 Music 4-6 11.00 Judaism 7-9 11.30 Society and Culture 12.30 Music: Indian Music 13.00 Society and Culture 14.00 Everyman's University: Mister Class: The Kindergarten Years
CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
15.00 Heidi, Part 11 of a series based on the children's classic
15.25 Sabbath Eve
ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
17.30 News roundup
17.32 Arabic film
19.30 News
19.55 Programme Trailer
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at 20.05 with Sabbath eve programme presented by Rabbi Avidor Hacohen
20.20 Weekly News Magazine
21.20 Entertainment with Churchill, Gili Gov, David Broza and others
22.05 Our Man in Havana. Carol Reed's 1960 film starring Alec Guinness, Burl Ives, Noel Coward and Ralph Richardson, based on the novel by Graham Greene
23.50 News
JORDAN TV (unofficial):
13.25 Barriers. 14.15 Star Soccer 16.45 Western Theatre 18.00 French Hour 19.30 News in Hebrew 20.00 News in Arabic 20.30 Mixed Blessings 21.10 Nero Wolfe 22.00 News in English 22.15 Skag

RADIO 1st

6.11 Musical Clock
7.07 (stereo): Mozart: Divertimento in F Major, K.138 (Guarneri); Gilles: Psalm 107; Schubert: Sonatina in D Major (Josef Suk, Rudolf Buchbinder); Gershwin: Rhapsody in Blue (Previn)
8.05 (stereo): Brahms: Academic Festive Overture (Bruno Walter); Copland: Piano Sonata (Ora Rotem); Stravinsky: Suite Italienne (Jascha Heifetz, Gregor Piatigorsky); Beethoven: Trio in C Major, No.3, Op.1 (Beaux Arts); Andre Spirea: Sinfonia da Camera (Daniel Benyamini, Jerusalem Symphony, Rodan); Boito: Prologue to Mefistofele (Toscanini)
10.05 (stereo): Modest Mussorgsky — 100 years after his death [illegible]
13.00 One in Studio One — meeting with musicians
14.10 Children's programmes
15.00 Sabbath Eve programme
16.05 (stereo): Special Requests — Dvorak: Cello Concerto in B Minor, Op.104 (Jacqueline du Pre, Barenboim); Schubert: Waltzes, Op.18 (Andre Watts)
17.00 Literary Magazine
17.35 Programmes for Olim
20.05 (stereo): Friday Evening concert — no details available
22.05 (stereo): The Art of Song
22.30 (stereo): Second Thoughts
00.10 (stereo): After Midnight with J.S. Bach

2nd

6.12 Gymnastics
6.22 Agricultural broadcasts
6.54 Green Light
7.00 This Morning — news magazine
8.10 All Shades of the Network — morning magazine presented by Yossi Graber
12.05 Midday Break — with Moshe Timor
12.30 Sports Magazine
13.00 Midday — news commentary music
14.10 Another Week
16.10 With People
17.05 Foreign Affairs Magazine
18.05 The Generation looks like a Dog
19.05 Weekly News Magazine
20.05 Sabbath songs
21.05 Sephardi songs
21.35 Yiddish songs
22.05 Spotlight — society and state affairs magazine (repeat)
23.05 Between Friday and Saturday — repeat broadcast of Yitzhak Livni's interview of the late Moshe Dayan
00.10 First Meeting — on new records

Army

7.07 "707" — Music, anecdotes, selections of the weekend papers presented by Alex Ansky
8.05 IDF Morning Newsreel
9.05 Morning Party
11.05 Mama's Voice — regards to soldiers
12.05 On Drivers and Traffic
14.05 Before Shabbat — weekend programme with Shlomo Artzi
15.05 The Story of the Beatles (part 37)
16.05 A Mosquito in the Head — humour and satire
17.05 A Sympathetic Ear — with Edna Peter
18.05 Popular Opinion — Yosef Lapid's talk show
19.05 Friday Evening Concert — Bach: Violin Concerto No.1 in A Minor; Mozart: Piano Concerto in C Major, No.25; Dvorak: Symphony in E Minor, From the New World; Beethoven: Egmont, overture; Rimsky-Korsakov, Mendelssohn, Strauss, Beethoven — famous marches
21.05 Out on the Lawn
23.05 An Hour with Louis Armstrong
00.05 For Me and You — songs

NEWS BULLETINS
Army Radio: Every hour on the hour.
First Programme: Every two hours, from 7 a.m. to midnight, 6 p.m. broadcast is in easy Hebrew. Second Programme: 6.05 a.m., then every hour on the hour until 1 a.m. Third Programme: Hourly, from 6 a.m. to midnight.

SATURDAY

Lauren Tewes
TV, 22.30

TV

ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
18.00 News roundup
18.02 A Friend in Need
18.30 Documentary
19.00 Entertainment
19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES begin at 20.00 with a programme for the end of the Sabbath
20.25 Fawlty Towers — new British comedy series. Starring John Cleese and Prunella Scales
21.00 Mabat newsreel
21.30 Mabat Sport — weekly sports magazine
22.30 Love Boat
23.20 The Mysterious World of Orson Welles: The Inspiration of Mr. Budd
23.50 News
JORDAN TV (unofficial):
18.00 French Hour (JTV 3 Battleship Galactica) 19.30 News in Hebrew 20.00 News in Arabic 20.30 Yes Minister 21.10 Entertainment 22.00 News in English 22.15 Feature Film

RADIO 1st

7.07 (stereo): Handel: Harp Concerto in B-flat Major (Lilly Laskine, Paillard); Offenbach: La Belle Helene, overture; Telemann: Concert Suite
8.05 (stereo): A. Scarlatti: Sinfonia No.9; Mahler: Lieder eines Fahrenden Gesellen (Fischer-Dieskau, Rafael Kubelik); Beethoven: Symphony No.1 in C Major, Op.21 (Marriner)
9.00 World of Science
9.25 Music Quiz
10.10 (stereo): The Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra, Israel Edelson conducting; with Moti Shmit, violin; Rami Bar-Niv, piano — Shlomo Jaffe: Beautiful City (Premiere); Paganini: Violin Concerto No.1 in D Major; Mozart: Piano Concerto in E-flat Major, K.449; Stravinsky: Suite from The Firebird
12.05 Radio Drama
13.00 Stage and Screen
14.10 Children's programmes
15.00 (stereo): Debussy: Sonata for Flute, Viola and Harp (Chen, Shoham, Masyani); Bellini: 2 Arias (Tamar Rachum, soprano; Jonathan Zak, piano); Brahms: Waltzes, Op.39 (Fuxon-Heyman, Bert Berman)
16.30 (stereo): Primadonna — the life of Maria Callas (part 3) [illegible] for Wind Quintet; Wolfgang Schweinitz: String Quartet (Cherubini)
00.10 (stereo): Forgotten Ballets by Lambert, Halstatt, Czerny and Massenet

2nd

7.11 Songs
8.05 Light Classical Music
9.05 Give a Smile — skits, jokes
9.55 Sights in Israel with Azaria Alon
10.05 Weekly News Magazine
11.05 Guys and Dreams — recording of a live performance (part 1)
12.05 Programme about road accidents
13.10 All Shades of the Network — selections of the weekly programmes
14.10 Let the Notes do the Talking
15.05 Sports Magazine
16.05 The Men behind the Bullet Proof Vests (repeat)
17.05 Beautiful Land
18.04 Matter Receiving Attention — Yoram Alper deals with listeners' complaints
18.30 Sports Magazine
19.05 Middle East Crossroads
20.10 Bible Reading — Amos 5: 15-27
20.22 Potpourri of Music
20.45 Sports Review
21.05 Weekly News Magazine (repeat)
22.05 Programme for the end of the Sabbath
23.05 Night Games — with Ze'ev Aner and Moshe Timor

Army

7.10 Songs
9.05 Happy Choir — songs and stories for children
10.05 Words and Times — Hava Alberstein talks to singer Shimi Tavori
11.05 A Sympathetic Ear (repeat)
12.05 The Third Man — radio game
13.05 Personal Questions — Ya'acov Agmon interviews lawyer Shlomo Toussia-Cohen
14.05 The Story of the Beatles (part 37, repeat)
15.05 Golden Oldies
16.05 Songs of Army entertainment troupes
17.05 Talks with soldiers in a naval unit
18.05 Stepping Stone — nature magazine
19.05 Time Passes — recordings of old hit parades
20.05 Mediterranean Atmosphere
21.05 On Jewish Tradition
22.05 Light Classical Music
23.05 With Ourselves — words and sounds
00.05 Night Birds — songs, chat with Naftali Alter

VOICE OF AMERICA NEWS SHOWS
1259 kiloHertz:
5-6 and 8-8.30 a.m. — Daily breakfast show with news, popular music and interviews.
11-12 p.m. — News, analysis and topical reports.
791 kiloHertz:
6-8.30 a.m. — Daily breakfast show, as above.
9-10 p.m. — VOA magazine, with Americana, science and cultural news, roundup of news.

SUNDAY

Ian Kirkby
TV, 21.30

TV

EDUCATIONAL:
8.15 Special Education — Our Hour 8.40 Maths/Geometry 6 9.10 Maths/Geometry 5 9.25 Spoken Arabic 9.40 Programme for Kindergarteners 10.10 English 6 10.30 Literature 7-9 10.55 English 10 11.30 Geography 5-6 11.50 English 9 12.15 English 8 12.40 Science 9-12 13.10 History 14.00 This Is It (repeat) 15.00 Everyman's University: Electronics; Introduction to Life Sciences; Franz Kafka 16.00 Fistuk's House 16.20 The Maze Game 16.30 Elephant Boy (part 14) 17.00 Popular Science
CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 Programme Trailer
17.40 Little House on the Prairie: The Lake Kezia Monster
ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 Khalil's Stories
19.00 Weekly News magazine
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at 20.00 with a news roundup
20.03 Love of the Land — live magazine dealing with different aspects of life in Israel. Presented by Meir Shalev
20.55 Stop — weekly road safety spot
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.30 Sons and Lovers. Episode 4 of a 7-part TV adaptation of D.H. Lawrence's novel starring Eileen Atkins and Karl Johnson.
22.25 Dilemma — new weekly discussion programme on work ethics introduced by Yaron London
23.15 Benson: Benson's Groupie
23.40 Almost Midnight
JORDAN TV (unofficial):
17.40 Cartoons 18.00 French Hour (JTV 3 18.45 Here's Boomer) 19.00 News in French 19.30 News in Hebrew 20.00 News in Arabic 20.30 Focus 21.10 The Flame Trees of Thika 22.00 News in English 22.15 Love Boat

RADIO 1st

6.11 Musical Clock
7.07 (stereo): Gluck: Flute Concerto in G Major (Rampal); Glinka: Fantastic Waltz; Mozart: Divertimento in G Major, K.63
8.05 (stereo): Mozart: Symphony No.29 in A Major, K.201 (Britten); Glazunov: Saxophone Concerto in E-flat Major; Dufay: Mass for 2 Contra-tenors, Tenor and Ensemble (Clemencic); Sor: 2 Pieces for Guitar (Ruszkowski); Lalo: Trio No.3; Korngold: Much Ado About Nothing [illegible]
11.00 Sephardi Songs
11.15 Elementary School Broadcasts
11.30 Education for All
12.05 (stereo): Daniel Hoexter, piano — Bach: French Suite No.1 in B-flat Major; Bartok: Rhapsody, Op.1; Mendelssohn: Sonata, Op.106
13.00 (stereo): Vaughan-Williams: Suite on English Folksongs (Boult); Spanish Folksongs (Andre Segovia, guitar); Villa-Lobos: Bachianas Brasileiras No.5; Brahms: Hungarian Dances
14.10 Children's programmes
15.25 Middle East Crossroads (repeat)
15.55 Notes on a New Book
16.05 (stereo): Musical Tradition in Israel — The Feast of St. George in the Greek-Orthodox Monastery in Lod
16.30 (stereo): Music for Sunday — Bach: Cantata No.190; Charpentier: Mass
17.35 Programmes for Olim
20.05 Everyman's University
20.35 (stereo): The Israel Sinfonietta, Beersheba; Avner Itai conducting; with Michala Petri, recorder (Denmark) — Shlomo Jaffe: Sinfonietta (Premiere); Vivaldi: Concerto for Recorder-Alto; Haydn: Concerto for Recorder-Alto; Haydn: Symphony No.92 in G Major, Oxford; Alan Sternfield, piano — Ben-Haim: Sonatina, Op.38; Gelbrun: Five Caprices
23.00 (stereo): Music Here and Now — Contemporary Music — Gabriel Irani: Realm; Steve Reich: Psalms; Variations
00.10 The Golden Generation — historical recordings

2nd

6.12 Gymnastics
6.22 Agricultural broadcasts
6.54 Green Light
7.00 This Morning — news magazine
8.10 All Shades of the Network — morning magazine presented by Rivka Michaeli
12.05 Midday Break — with Moshe Timor
12.30 Sports Magazine
13.00 Midday — news magazine
14.10 In a Minor Tone
16.10 Direct Line — Yitzhak Golan's talk show
17.10 Media — behind the headlines of TV, the radio and the press
18.07 Religion Magazine
18.45 Bible Reading — Amos 6:1-7
19.00 Today — people and events in the news
20.10 Nostalgic songs
21.05 Light Music for Wind Ensembles
22.05 Literary Magazine
23.05 Third Bell — art and entertainment magazine

Army

6.10 Morning Sounds
6.30 University on the Air — Astrophysics with Prof. Giora Shaviv
8.05 IDF Morning Newsreel
9.05 Right Now — with Yitzhak Ben-Ner
11.05 Golden Oldies
12.05 Israeli Winter — with Eli Yisraeli
14.05 Two Hours — afternoon magazine
16.05 Four in the Afternoon
17.05 IDF Evening Newsreel
18.05 Sports Magazine
19.05 Music Magazine
20.05 Golden Oldies Hit Parade
21.00 Mabat — radio transmission of the TV newsreel
21.35 University on the Air (repeat)
22.05 From the Classical Record Shelf
23.05 Popular Opinion (repeat)
00.05 Night Birds — songs, chat with Roni Somek

MONDAY

Barbara Bel Geddes
TV, 22.10

TV

EDUCATIONAL:
8.15 Citizenship 7-9 8.35 English 6 9.00 Language and Communications 3-5 9.25 Science 5-6 10.10 English 7 10.30 Programme for Kindergarteners 11.00 Maths/Geometry 6 11.15 English 5 11.35 Geography 7-9 12.05 English 8 12.30 Literature 13.05 Science 15.00 Programme for Kindergarteners: English 5-6, Maths 5-6 (repeats) 16.00 Pinnocchio 16.25 Civilizations and Me 17.00 Spoken Arabic — introduced by Shay K. Ophir (repeat)
CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 3, 4, 5½ — The Scarecrow
17.50 Diff'rent Strokes: The Will
18.15 Star Blazers
ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 Sports
19.27 Programme Trailer
19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at 20.00 with a news roundup
20.03 Get Out Of It — TV game
20.30 Eight Thirty — art and culture magazine
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.30 Second Look — news analysis and commentary
22.10 Dallas: Mastectomy (part 2)
23.00 This Is The Time — new weekly live talk show with Ram Evron and his guests
23.50 Almost Midnight
JORDAN TV (unofficial):
17.40 Cartoons 18.00 French Hour (JTV 3 18.30 The Incredible Hulk) 19.00 News in French 19.30 News in Hebrew 20.00 News in Arabic 20.30 Chiatz 21.10 Lady Killers 22.00 News in English 22.15 Magnum

RADIO 1st

6.11 Musical Clock
7.07 (stereo): Gastoldi: Ballets for Singing, Playing and Dancing; Cherubini: Anacreon Overture; Kalliwoda: Introduction and Rondo for Horn and Orchestra in F Major (Hermann Baumann); Granados: 3 Songs (Teresa Berganza); Schubert-Webern: German Dances (Rene Leibowitz)
8.05 (stereo): Prokofiev: Overture on Hebrew Tunes; Gounod: Symphony No.1 in D Major; Haydn: String Quartet in G Minor, Op.64 (Amadeus); Hummel-Glinka: Memories of Friendship; Shostakovich: Concerto for Piano, Trumpet and Strings (Shostakovich) [illegible] Stravinsky: Suite from Histoire du soldat (Ronil-Rikitin); Lalo: Cello Concerto in D Minor (Michael Maisky, Jerusalem Symphony, Sergiu Comissiona); Josef Tal: Symphony No.3
13.00 (stereo): C.P.E. Bach: Polonaise; Debussy: Danse sacree et danse profane; Puccini: Aria from Tosca (Pavarotti); Franck: Nocturne (Christa Ludwig); Servio: Anna Frank (Anthony Ros-Marba); Weber: Andante and Hungarian Rondo for Viola; Mozart: 2 Arias from Cosi fan tutte (Schreier, Janowitz, Boehm)
14.10 Children's programmes
15.30 World of Science
15.55 Notes on a New Book
16.05 (stereo): Vieutemps: Violin Concerto No.2; Ravel: Bolero
16.45 Music Magazine
17.35 Programmes for Olim
20.05 Everyman's University
20.35 (stereo): The Austrian Radio Symphony Orchestra, Michel Tabachnik conducting — with the Choir of the Vienna Academy and the Radio Choir; soloists: Keren Armstrong, soprano; Siegmund Nimsgern, baritone — Schubert: Symphony No.4 in C Minor; Brahms: Schicksalslied, Op.54; Alexander von Zemlinsky: Lyric Symphony, Op.18; Alfred Brendel, piano — Beethoven: Sonata in C-sharp Minor, Op.27, No. 2, Moonlight
22.30 Reflections on the portion of the week by Prof. Yeshayahu Leibowitz
23.00 Reflections on Bach's works — Bach: Magnificat
00.10 (stereo): Choral Music — Josquin des Prez: 4 Chansons; Mass on G-F-D-E: 2 Motets

2nd

7.00 This Morning — news magazine
8.10 All Shades of the Network
12.05 Road Safety Corner
12.30 Law and Justice Magazine
13.00 Midday — music, news commentary
14.10 In a Minor Tone
16.10 Health and Medicine Magazine
17.10 From Here to There — immigration matters
18.07 Of Men and Figures — economics magazine
18.48 Bible Reading — Amos 6:8-14
19.00 Today
20.10 Sabbath songs
22.05 With People (repeat)
23.05 The Second Half — women's magazine

Army

6.10 Morning Sounds
6.30 University on the Air — Women in the Bible with Rabbi Adin Steinsaltz
7.07 "707" — with Alex Ansky
8.05 IDF Morning Newsreel
9.05 Right Now — with Kobi Meidan
11.05 Golden Oldies
12.05 Israeli Winter — with Eli Yisraeli
14.05 Two Hours — music, art, cinema and theatre reviews, interviews, anecdotes
16.05 Four in the Afternoon
17.05 IDF Evening Newsreel
19.05 Music Magazine
20.05 Israeli Rock Music
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.35 University on the Air (repeat)
22.05 Jazz Hour
23.05 The Middle of the Road — Gideon Lev-Ary talks to young people who have already succeeded in life (repeat)
00.05 Night Birds — songs, chat

TUESDAY

Maureen Forrester
TV, 23.20

TV

EDUCATIONAL:
8.15 Judaism 7-9 8.40 English 5 9.00 English 8 9.25 Maths/Geometry 5 10.10 English 6 10.25 Spoken Arabic 10.40 English 7 11.00 Settlement in Modern Israel 5-6 11.20 English 9 11.40 Advice and Guidance 7-9 12.05 Science 7-8 12.30 English 10 13.00 Society and Culture 13.30 French 15.00 Science 5-6; Science: Language Corner (repeat) 16.00 Handicrafts 16.10 The Flaxton Boys 16.45 Milk, Honey and Your Problems
CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 Cartoons
18.00 Faster, Higher, Stronger — sports magazine
ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 The Seven Giants
18.45 Inventions and Innovations
19.00 Family Magazine
19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at 20.00 with a news roundup
20.03 Spoken Arabic — introduced by Shay K. Ophir
20.30 The Mupper Show with guest star Loretta Swit
20.50 Beauty Spot — with Ori Dvir
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.30 Kolbotek. Weekly consumer magazine
22.00 Crime and Punishment. Final episode of a 3-part adaptation of Fyodor Dostoevsky's classic novel. Starring John Hurt, Timothy West and Sian Phillips
23.20 Concert — Four Songs from Mahler's Des Knaben Wunderhorn (Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra, Avi Ostrovsky, conductor; Maureen Forrester, soprano)
23.45 Almost Midnight
JORDAN TV (unofficial):
17.40 Cartoons 18.00 French Hour JTV3 18.20 The Flying Kiwi 18.45 I Dream of Jeanie) 19.00 News in French 19.30 News in Hebrew 19.45 Magazine Zero One 20.00 News in Arabic 20.30 Benson 21.10 Documentary 22.00 News in English 22.15 Bestseller: A Town Like Alice

RADIO 1st

6.11 Musical Clock
7.07 (stereo): Arne: Harpsichord Concerto in G Minor (George Malcolm); Fiocco: Sonata for Strings; Mozart: Horn Concerto No.2 K.417 (Barry Tuckwell); Schubert: Impromptu in A-flat Major, Op.90; L. Mozart: Toy Symphony; Boccherini: Cello Concerto [illegible] Shakespeare's Comedies; Locke: Music to Shakespeare's play, The Tempest; Mendelssohn: A Midsummer Night's Dream
11.00 Sephardi Songs
11.15 Elementary School Broadcasts
11.30 Education for All
12.05 (stereo): Simca Heled, cello; Jonathan Zak, piano — Bravel: Sonata; Brahms: Sonata No.2, in F Major, Op.99; Schlitzer: Little Suite; Rodrigo: Siciliana
13.00 (stereo): Excerpts from operas — Bizet: Carmen; Verdi: Nabucco; Borodin: Prince Igor
14.10 Children's programmes
15.25 Education for All
15.55 Notes on a New Book
16.05 Music Quiz
16.40 (stereo): For the Collector
17.35 Programmes for Olim
20.05 Everyman's University
20.35 (stereo): The Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra, Mendi Rodan conducting — Artur Gelbrun: Symphony No.3 (with Bibiana Goldenthal, soprano); Rinat National Choir, Stanley Sperber conducting — Music by Brahms, Partos, Bach, Harlap; Folksongs
22.30 Speaker's Podium
23.00 Shmuel Almog's talk show
00.10 (stereo): Music from the Renaissance and the Baroque periods

2nd

6.12 Gymnastics
6.22 Agricultural broadcasts
6.54 Green Light
7.00 This Morning — news magazine
8.10 All Shades of the Network — morning magazine
12.05 Of People and Places
12.30 Hebrew songs
13.00 Midday — news magazine
14.10 In a Minor Tone
16.10 Spotlight — social and state affairs magazine
17.10 Treasure *Hunt* — radio game
18.48 Bible Reading — Amos 7:1-9
19.00 Today — people and events in the news
19.45 Sports Magazine
20.10 Ada's story
21.05 Cantorial music
22.05 Rehabilitating prisoners through the kibbutz system
23.05 Two by Two — family counselling

Army

6.10 Morning Sounds
6.30 University on the Air — Psychopharmacology on medicines and behaviour with Prof. Shlomo Yehuda
7.07 "707" — with Alex Ansky
8.05 IDF Morning Newsreel
9.05 Right Now — with Yitzhak Ben-Ner
11.05 Golden Oldies
12.05 Israeli Winter — with Eli Yisraeli
14.05 Two Hours — music, art, cinema and theatre reviews, interviews, anecdotes
16.05 Four in the Afternoon
17.05 IDF Evening Newsreel
18.05 Social Affairs Magazine
19.05 Music Magazine
20.05 Rock Plus
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.35 University on the Air (repeat)
22.05 Light Classical Music
23.05 Personal Questions — Ya'acov Agmon interviews Nativa Ben Yehuda (repeat)
00.05 Night Birds — songs, chat with Sandra Johnson

WEDNESDAY

Alfred Hitchcock
TV, 22.05

TV

EDUCATIONAL:
8.15 Maths/Geometry 6 8.30 English 8 8.55 Advice and Guidance 7-9 9.20 English 7 9.40 Programme for Kindergarteners 10.10 English 6 10.25 Literature 10.45 Science 5-6 11.05 Maths/Geometry 5 11.20 English 6 11.40 Literature 7-9 12.00 Geography 5-6 12.30 English 9 13.00 Science 9-12 13.35 English 9 15.00 Programme for Kindergarteners: English 7: French (repeats). 16.00 Ma Pitom 16.30 Everyman's University: Emerging African Nations: Introduction to Life Sciences
CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 Somersaults — new live weekly discussion and entertainment show with Itzik and Ofra Weingarten
18.15 Star Blazers
ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 Louisa's Shadow
19.00 Agriculture Magazine
19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at 20.00 with a news roundup
20.03 Rhoda — New comedy series about Rhoda Gerard and her husband, Joe
20.30 Kashrut — documentary on the traditional, philosophical and hygienic aspects of kashrut
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.30 Moked
22.05 Notorious. Alfred Hitchcock's 1946 film starring Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman in a tense, well-acted espionage tale
23.45 Almost Midnight
JORDAN TV (unofficial):
17.40 Cartoons 18.00 French Hour 19.00 News in French 19.30 News in Hebrew 20.00 News in Arabic 20.30 Fawlty Towers 21.10 Cosmos 22.00 News in English 22.15 Trapper John M.D.

RADIO 1st

6.11 Musical Clock
7.07 (stereo): Rimsky-Korsakov: Russian Easter Festival, overture, Op.36, Bach: Prelude and Fugue in C Major (Gould); Kreisler: Capriccio (Shlomo Mintz); Cabezon: Pavane and Variations (David Watkins, harp); Saint-Saens: Oboe Sonata; Strauss: Die Fledermaus, overture
8.05 (stereo): Haydn: String Quartet in D Major, Op. 20, No.4 (Lenox); Masek: Serenade for 8 Wind Instruments; Dvorak: 4 Songs in Folk character (Lucia Popp); Chopin: Sonata No.3 [illegible] Coq d'or (Svetlanov)
10.05 (stereo): Schumann: Overture to Manfred by Byron (Barenboim, Chicago); Mozart: Music to Thomas, King of Egypt
12.05 (stereo): The Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra — Mozart: Horn Concerto No.4 in E-flat Major, K.495 (David Dotan, Aharon Harlap); Mark Lavry: 2 Songs from Song of Songs and Kinneret (Davrat, Comissiona); Kodaly: Dances from Galantha (Macal)
13.00 (stereo): Aurele Nicolet, flute — Vivaldi: Concerto in C Major (Israel Chamber Ensemble); Mozart: Flute Quartet in D Major, K.285; Salieri: Concerto for Flute and Oboe in C Major with Heinz Holliger, Bamberg); Couperin: Royal Concerto No. 2 in D Major (with Viola da Gamba and Harpsichord)
14.10 Children's programmes
15.55 Notes on a New Book
16.05 (stereo): Spotlight — on Mauricio Kagel (in honour of his 50th birthday)
17.00 Talmud lesson
17.20 Introduction to the Oral Law
17.35 Programmes for Olim
20.05 Everyman's University
20.35 (stereo): Puccini: Turandot — complete opera, (with Joan Sutherland, Pavarotti, Caballe, Ghiaurov, London Philharmonic, Mehta)
22.50 (stereo): The Jerusalem String Trio, with Noam Buchman, flute — Mark Kopytman: Cantus 2 (1980); Menahem Tzur: Flute Quartet (1980): Thea Raffaeli, piano — Bach: Concerto in D Minor (transcribed from organ by H. Philipps): Schumann: Albumblaetter, Op.124
00.10 (stereo): Jazz

2nd

7.00 This Morning — news magazine
8.10 All Shades of the Network — morning magazine
12.05 Midday Break — with Moshe Timor
12.30 Hebrew songs
13.00 Midday — music, news commentary
14.10 In a Minor Tone
16.10 Press Conference — introduced by Yitzhak Golan
17.10 Till 120 — radio game
18.07 Of Men and Figures — economics magazine
18.48 Bible Reading — Amos 7:10-17
19.00 Today
20.10 Sephardi songs — recordings of a live performance
21.05 Jazz Corner
22.05 Questions and answers on *halachic* matters
23.05 Good Evening Jerusalem

Army

6.10 Morning Sounds
6.30 *University on the Air* — Western Europe in the 18th century with Prof. Michael Har Sgor
7.07 "707" — with Alex Ansky
8.05 IDF Morning Newsreel
9.05 Right Now — with Yitzhak Ben-Ner
11.05 Golden Oldies
12.05 Israeli Winter — with Eli Yisraeli
14.05 Two Hours — music, art, cinema and theatre reviews, anecdotes
16.05 Four in the Afternoon
17.05 IDF Evening Newsreel
18.05 Have a Good Time — culture and entertainment magazine
19.05 Music Magazine
20.05 Foreign Language Hit Parade
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.35 University on the Air (repeat)
22.05 Classical Night Birds
23.05 Army and defence Magazine
00.05 Night Birds — songs, chat

THURSDAY

Anwar Sadat
TV, 21.30

TV

EDUCATIONAL:
8.15 Language and Communication 3-5 8.40 Spoken Arabic 9.00 English 7 9.20 Music 4-6 9.50 English 9 10.15 English 6 10.30 Maths/Geometry 5 10.45 Fistuk's House 11.15 Science for Elementary Schools 11.30 Geography 7-9 12.00 Science 7-8 12.30 Literature 13.00 Music 13.30 French 15.00 Maths 5-6; English 8; Geography 5-7 (repeats) 16.00 This Is It — live youth magazine 16.55 Ot Ve'Od — TV game
CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 Donald and Mickey — Walt Disney cartoons
18.00 Shmil's Cat Club
ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 Youth magazine
19.00 Meeting in a Jerusalem Courtyard — interviews and entertainment
19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at 20.00 with a news roundup
20.03 Match of the Week
20.50 Programme Trailer
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.30 Documentary — Peace Visit. President Anwar Sadat's historic visit to Jerusalem on November 19, 1977
22.05 At Tzavta with Oshik Levi
23.05 Money Matters — weekly finance magazine
23.35 Almost Midnight
JORDAN TV (unofficial):
17.40 Cartoons 18.00 French Hour 19.00 News in French 19.30 News in Hebrew 20.00 News in Arabic 20.30 The Muppet Show 21.10 Testament of Youth 22.00 News in English 22.15 Movie of the Week

RADIO 1st

6.11 Musical Clock
7.07 (stereo): Devienne: Symphony Concertante for 2 Flutes and Orchestra (Rampal, Wilson); Giuliani: Rossiniana; Op.121 (Julian Bream); Haydn: Symphony No.59 (Marriner)
8.05 (stereo): Monteverdi: Magnificat for 6 Voices; Beethoven: Symphony No.5 in C Minor, Op.67 (Jerusalem Symphony, Lukas Foss); Schumann: Violin Concerto in D Minor; Verdi: String Quartet (English Chamber Orchestra, Zukerman)
10.05 (stereo): Beethoven: Coriolan; overture (Stokowski); Beethoven: Music to The Ruins of Athens (Gilah Yaron, Willy Haparnas, Michael Krok, Philharmonic [illegible]
12.05 (stereo): [illegible], piano — Paul Ben-Haim: Canzone and Toccata; Beethoven: Sonata in F Minor, Appassionata, Op.57; Schumann: Wiener Karneval
13.00 (stereo): Kodaly: Hary Janos (Kertesz)
14.10 Children's programmes
15.25 Reflections on the portion of the week (repeat)
15.55 Notes on a New Book
16.05 (stereo): First Broadcast — Tatiana Borissova, piano — Prokofiev: Sonata No.6, Op.82
16.40 Speaker's Podium
17.10 Lesson in *Halacha*
17.35 Programmes for Olim
20.05 Musical Interlude
20.35 (stereo): The Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra, George Malcolm, soloist and conductor, with William Bennet, flute — Bach: Suite No.1 in C Major; C.P.E. Bach: Flute Concerto in D Minor; Arne: Harpsichord Concerto; Bach: Brandenburg Concerto No.5 in D Major
23.00 Radio Drama
00.10 (stereo): Chamber Music — Beethoven: Violin Sonata in A Major, Op.12, No.2 (Perlman, Ashkenazy); Bartok: String Quartet No.4 (Guarneri)

2nd

6.12 Gymnastics
6.22 Agricultural broadcasts
6.54 Green Light — drivers' corner
7.00 This Morning
8.10 All Shades of the Network — morning magazine
12.05 Of People and Places
12.30 Hebrew songs
16.10 Any Questions? — a panel answers questions about current affairs
17.10 Production Line — industrial weekly magazine
18.07 Programme for Senior Citizens
18.48 Bible Reading — Amos 8:1-7
19.00 Today — people and events in the news
20.10 Basketball — live broadcast from Yad Eliyahu of the match between Maccabi Tel Aviv and Saturn Cologne
23.05 Between Us — Natan Dunevich talks to listeners

Army

6.10 Morning Sounds
6.30 University on the Air — The Psychology of Religion with Dr. Rachel Shihur
7.07 "707" — with Alex Ansky
8.05 IDF Morning Newsreel
9.05 Right Now — with Kobi Meidan
11.05 Golden Oldies
12.05 Israeli Winter — with Eli Yisraeli
14.05 Two Hours — art, cinema and theatre reviews, interviews, anecdotes and music
16.05 *Four in the Afternoon*
17.05 IDF Evening Newsreel
18.05 Economics Magazine
19.05 Music Magazine
20.05 Hebrew Hit Parade
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.35 University on the Air (repeat)
22.05 Classical Favourite with Pinchas Eidan
23.05 A Nahal Settlement in the Jordan Valley
00.05 Night Birds— songs, chat with Yoav Kutner

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Soothing the savage breast

MUSIC & MUSICIANS/Yohanan Boehm

ONE OF THE most fascinating disciplines related to music is the field of music therapy. It is a field whose wide-ranging, and still partially unexplored, applications elude precise definition. Its workings are mysterious, with the psychological, physiological, neurological and other-logical (and il-logical) factors still in the process of being analysed and evaluated through intensive research and practical experience in the field.

Music therapy is especially fascinating, because all types of knowledge and scientific data must be considered in helping people overcome ailments which prevent them from functioning as full members of human society and enjoying life.

There has always been interest in those rituals connected with music, dance and rhythm which were used for healing certain illnesses by driving out "evil spirits" from human bodies, or conversely, by bringing about the death of adversaries.

But the proper evaluation of the healing or killing properties inherent in these rituals started only in modern times. And that is what makes music therapy so complex and intricate — it demands more than a cursory knowledge of physiology and psychology in order to apply one's musical talent (and, of course, other creative disciplines like dance, plastic art and theatre) — responsibly and successfully.

A GROUP OF 10 professionals from different disciplines got together in 1971 to found the Israeli Association of Creative and Expressive Therapists. The group, all of whom had studied abroad, wanted to share their experience, to compare notes on fieldwork, to pose their questions and devise new lines of study.

The IACET also set itself some ambitious organizational aims: to develop its relatively new profession through education, training and research; to seek formal recognition in hospitals and institutions for special education; and to help newly-arrived therapists continue their careers in Israel.

The organization now has some 250 members with branches in Jerusalem, Haifa and Tel Aviv. The many disciplines represented among the members provide the basis for a lively interchange of ideas.

THE DRIVING SPIRIT, and perhaps the profession's senior practitioner in this country, is Hava Sekeles. She originally studied piano at the Rubin Academy in Jerusalem, and then worked in occupational therapy for three years. Hava studied musicology at the Hebrew University, and received an M.A. for her study of Music in Healing Rituals of Non-literate Societies. After studying psychiatry and related disciplines at the University of Utrecht in Holland for five and a half years, she returned to Jerusalem in 1967. For the past 12 years, she has worked with severely brain-damaged children.

Besides her regular work and her commitment to the IACET, she is the director of the country's first course in music therapy, which started in September at the David Yellin Teachers College in Jerusalem, under the sponsorship of the Ministry of Education and Culture.

Instructors' salaries are covered by the ministry, but all of the students work extra hours and contribute to a common account used to finance extra courses not included in the curriculum, to bring in specialists and guest lecturers from abroad, and to buy books and equipment.

Two related courses are being taught this year at the Haifa University School of Education; one in dance therapy (Yona Shahar-Levy) and one in creative art therapy (Peretz Hesse). Students in these courses are required to have a B.A. plus some practical experience.

ALL OFFICERS of the IACET are volunteers, and their enthusiasm could provide the rest of us with a shining example. They don't count hours, they never go on strike, they get no subsidies or grants — and they are the most devoted people I've ever met.

A professional reference library is desperately needed — thousands of research articles and books have appeared since the early 1950s in the U.S. Equipment is also needed for the planned music therapy room at the teachers college, which will function both as a clinic where students will work with patients under supervision and as a teaching tool for observation and recordings. A piano, Orff instruments, a drum set and other musical instruments are required, as well as a stereo system, records and cassettes and a video recording system.

Given the right support from public and private bodies, the proposed School for Creative and Expressive Therapies in Israel could train students here, and remove the need for everyone interested in this field to go abroad. The school could also open new channels of research and cooperation with related local institutions, and develop new applications suited to local needs and conditions.

This would go a long way towards helping the mentally and physically handicapped regain their place in society through the healing qualities of music and the arts. □

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Of time and place

Gil Goldfine

ON A recent swing through major museums and galleries in New York, Boston and Washington I was left within a feeling of ambivalence towards large areas of international contemporary art, while once again finding great inspiration in earlier schools, especially 19th century American painting.

With the exception of singular works by a handful of skilled painters, much of post-1945 art seemed to lack the magic necessary to sustain prolonged interest; or simply did not project convincing visual arguments. On the other hand, enchanting canvases by Eakins, Sargent, Chase, Whistler, Homer and Johnson, to mention a few, seemed as fresh and as subjectively cogent as when they were created.

It was in this frame of mind that I was confronted by recent canvases by **Michael Kovner.** At first impression, because of an uncompromising use of blazing colour schemes enclosed within frontalized rectangular compositions, his "Houses in Gaza" appeared to be intentionally zany and downright frivolous.

After the first shock however, Kovner's gingerbread hues began to mellow. Bright pigment was transformed into reflected light and flat geometric shapes solidified into slabs of thick protective walls, peeling stucco and tiled verandas.

"Houses in Gaza" are the pictorial antithesis of Kovner's previous shows in which birds' eye views of the desert were described in a topographical linear style that bordered on "colourless" lyrical abstraction. But Kovner, an astute pragmatic painter, has not rejected the desert scene but merely reconsidered it in light of recent experiences. His painterly reactions to domestic Arab architecture are the human details extracted from the geographic expanse of his earlier works.

Kovner's paintings capture the spirit of a locale; and although images of people are absent their presence is felt. Community needs and attitudes are expressed in colour and decoration. Kovner has recycled an ethnic expression into fine art. He has also forged a strong link with the character of Eretz Yisraeli art, like that of early Gutman and Rubin.

Kovner's grand statement is about colour. Dozens of luscious pastel tints (plum, pink, green, yellow, violet, pale sienna), supported by stronger neutral tones, are cramped into shallow planes. Perspective vantage points, a nod to drawing and illusion, is minimalized in a conscious effort designed to make one concentrate on the colour harmonies. The flat surfaces shimmer with interlocking brushstrokes, within dense areas further intensified by layers of overpainting. The influence of Matisse's Algerian, fauvish palette is pronounced, but one is constantly reminded of Edward Hopper's powerful and evocative images of the American scene.

Michael Kovner: oil painting (Bineth Gallery, Tel Aviv).

Hopper was described by James Thrall Soby as the "poet of the inanimate." With his current show, Kovner could easily slip into the same mantle. (Bineth Gallery, 63 Ben Yehuda, Tel Aviv). Till Nov. 19.

DAVID BEN-SHAUL is a passionate colourist. His sensuous palette of washed, pure hues describing understated subjects, has taken on a mannered quality characterized by a series of controlled hand movements. Using his brush like a baton, knife or pea shooter, Ben-Shaul turns landscape studies and interiors into flying chunks of calligraphic masses of paint. The results are very dramatic and blaringly colourful. The lyricism is handsome, but facile. Ben Shaul's elements of colour, like most of his compositional components, do not respond to each other's energies and fall into a state of suspended banality. He is most successful when the whites of negative areas are allowed to dominate the surface dynamics (as in No. 14, "Studio Interior") leaving coloured swipes and disjointed patterns to oscillate on the surface and jog the picture into visual action. This designed conflict between object (solid pigment) and atmosphere (white space) does not however, occur very often; and so this show in general fails to ignite. (Julie M. Gallery, 7 Glikson, Tel Aviv). Till Nov. 24.

David Ben Shaul: painting (Julie M. Gallery, Tel Aviv).

THE veteran Israeli painter, **Chaim Klewe,** shows a group of disappointing canvases, fragmented, hard-edge abstractions, the familiar black and white base with interlocking polygonal coloured shapes indicative of Klewe's marking time. The essence of his chosen style, exactitude, colour fidelity, chromatic balance, proportion, scale and critically controlled compositions have been neglected. There is no margin for error in this kind of art. Either it is or it is not. This show is not. (Horace Richter Gallery, 24 Simtat Mazal Arieh, Old Jaffa).

RICARDO STEIN was born in Freiburg to parents who were holocaust survivors. His attempts to reconstruct the horrors of their times have led to paintings best termed as "classic" descriptions of the period. Stein has resorted to a hodge-podge of overnumbered symbols and obvious images. Upside down figures hidden in the sfumato shadows of brown and sun — yellow fields are surrounded by the hangman's noose, Yiddish words, numerals, candelabra and the ubiquitous mask; all coloured in designer hues of purple, green, red and orange.

Stein, at 31, has been influenced not by experience but by secondary sources, the plethora of "holocaust art" shown around the world. There is nothing original about his art, which is just fair painting interspersed with literal sensationalism. (Talma Gallery, 27 Gordon, Tel Aviv).

WHY THE installation of a charcoal kiln in the centre of a gallery should be considered an art experience is difficult to explain. Apart from being neat and tidy, it says nothing. The only other art form by **Yaakov Hefetz** is a series of drawings. They try to explain the installation but are poorly rendered; they are also pretentiously documented and labelled as if they were being recorded for posterity. (Kibbutz Gallery, 25 Dov Hoz, Tel Aviv). Till Dec. 12. □

·This Week in Israel·

·The Leading Tourist Guide·

this week at the israel museum jerusalem

ON DANCE SERIES	Sat., Nov. 14 at 20:30 PIONEERS OF MODERN DANCE IN AMERICA. This topic is illustrated by live dance demonstrations and films offering a rare opportunity to see Martha Graham, Isadore Duncan and Doris Humphrey in performance Tickets: IS45, members: IS35 In cooperation with Central Library of Dance and Music, Tel Aviv.
CHILDREN'S FILM	Sun., Nov. 15, Wed., Nov. 18, and Thurs., Nov. 19 at 15:30 "SLEEPING BEAUTY" (Walt Disney)
LECTURE (in English)	Sun., Nov. 15 at 15:30 ON LIFE AND DEATH IN JERICHO Ruth Hachlili Rockefeller Museum
SPECIAL GUIDED TOUR (in English)	Mon., Nov. 16 at 15:00 TRIBAL ARTS (Meet Upper Entrance Hall)
YOUTH CONCERT	Mon., Nov. 16 at 16:00 CONCERTS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE — SERIES. "Legends & Children's Games" Sara Fuxon-Hayman, piano; Bert Berman, piano; Gaby Koren, actor; Oded Barry, text. Programme: includes Ravel, Ram Da-Oz, Bizet. Tickets: IS35, members/students: IS25
GALLERY TALK	Tues., Nov. 17 at 19:15 TRENDS IN ART AFTER 1945 Tami Schatz (Gruss and Goldman Galleries)
FILM	Tues., Nov. 17 at 18:00 & 20:30 "O LUCKY MAN" (England 1973) Dir: Lindsay Anderson With Malcolm McDowell
THEATRE	Thurs., Nov. 19 at 20:30 Kav Theatre presents — SPRING—THE SOUGHT FOR GRAVE A traditional Japanese 'Noh' play in western form. (Presented at Acco Theatre Festival) Tickets: IS50, members: IS35 (Youth Wing)
GUIDED TOUR (in English)	Fri., Nov. 20 at 11:00 Rockefeller Museum.
YOUTH WING	For Youth Wing activities information please phone (02) 633278.

CONCERT

Saturday, Nov. 21 at 20:30

EVENING OF BAROQUE SONATAS

The Israel Baroque Players

Programme: Vivaldi — Trio Sonata in G minor; Telemann — Sonata for Oboe and Basso Continuo in G minor; Bach — Sonata for Cello and Harpsichord in D major; Mancini — Sonata for Recorder and Basso Continuo in D minor.

Tickets: IS60; Members: IS48.

For information on current exhibitions, please see art guide.

VISITING HOURS:

ISRAEL MUSEUM: Sun., Mon., Thurs., 10—17; Tues., 16—22; Fri. & Sat., 10—14.

SHRINE OF THE BOOK: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs., 10—17; Tues., 10—22; Fri. & Sat., 10—14.

BILLY ROSE GARDEN: Sun.—Thurs., 10—Sunset; Fri., Sat., holidays, 10—14.

ROCKEFELLER MUSEUM: Sun.—Thurs., 10—17; Fri. & Sat., 10—14.

LIBRARY: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs., 10—17; Tues., 16—20.

GRAPHICS STUDY ROOM: Nov. 1—16, open by appointment only; Nov. 16—29, Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs., 11—13; Tues., 16—20.

GUIDED TOURS IN ENGLISH AT THE ISRAEL MUSEUM: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs., at 11; Tues., at 16.30.

TICKETS FOR SATURDAYS: Buy in advance at the Museum, Main Hotels, and Ticket Agencies.

هكذا من الأصل

Ghosts of the coasts

Ephraim Harris

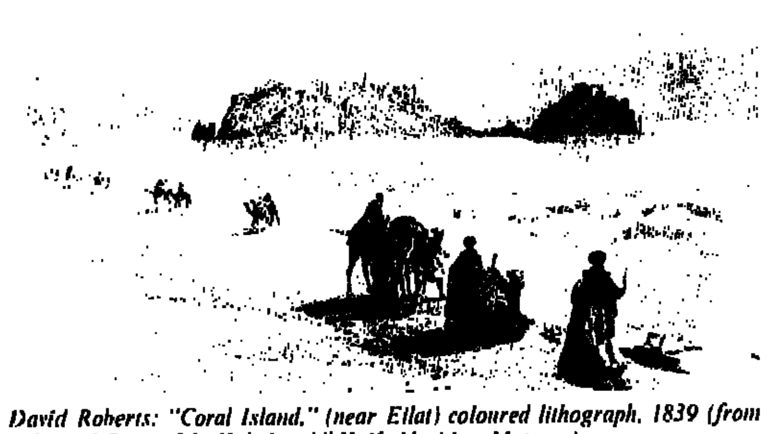
COASTAL CITIES of the Holy Land is a show from this museum's collection. Apart from 16th century maps made by famous cartographers, of whom the best known is Ortelius of Antwerp, the exhibits consist of assorted graphic media, the majority previous to 1850, i.e. before the Darwinian revolution opened the way to Victorian rationalism, lessening the Bible's fundamentalist hold; and before the superseding of engraving by photography.

The illustrations were perfectly suited to period taste, their documentary value enhanced by the obligatory inclusion of humans in the landscape and, to crown it all, the dominating influence was that of the romantic movement. The skeleton of a boat on Haifa beach, by David Roberts, indicates mortal puniness and perhaps divine wrath. The sun is not exactly setting in Bartlett's "Carmel" but, as in Woodward's Athlit seascape, it is late afternoon, while the Woodward item gazes through a ruined Islamic arch, a lingering reminder of the "Gothick." The single column of a Crusader fort at Tantura, the artistically depicted rocks at Caesarea and the even more fearsome ones at Ashkelon, all point to the same romantic outlook.

Details of life occupy a role equal to the panoramas. Orthodox Jews and Arabs, exactly clad and coloured, pose as if for the coming of photography. The military appear at Acre: Turkish troops parade in the distance; two fanciful lithographs portray the 1799 siege of Acre; Heuth in 1815 and Molte on the dot in 1800, placing the youthful Napoleon in the midst of battle.

Some of us can still remember the often nerve-wracking experience of disembarking at Jaffa; Fenn and an anonymous artist have recreated it, appropriately in dark, fatal green. Orthodox Jews descend the gangway. The sole intrusion of Western tourism into this exhibition is a lady with her mandatory white veil (still required in the early automobile age) thrown back over her fashionable hat, in the boat and talking to an Arab (the guide?). Incidentally several illustrators have recognized the aesthetics of a roughly pyramidal Jaffa over the Ajami and surrounded by empty spaces.

Nor is the daily round neglected. Goods being landed or loaded at Jaffa port are pulled up or let down the sea wall. At Ashdod we have goats and work in the fields. The plenitude of detail cannot be fully described; suffice it to say that Athlit castle was far larger than it is today; and to mention a Gaza framed between trees, as the Romantic declines, in company with other engravings, into the Picturesque. (National Maritime Museum, Haifa.)



David Roberts: "Coral Island," (near Eilat) coloured lithograph, 1839 (from "Coastal Cities of the Holy Land," Haifa Maritime Museum).

MALVINA KAPLAN supplies neither names nor numbers. Since artists want to be written up, they should know that reviews are devoid of validity unless opinions are backed by reasons, clarification of which is assisted by reference to specific exhibits. That said, Kaplan's pastels fluctuate between abstraction and representation producing a pleasing impression of proximity to and love of Nature, a point frequently exposing a realist substructure. Normal spatialism being absent, a leading colour, where it exists — she is usually faithful to impressionist equal colour values — can create a painting's key note, e.g. the case where a horizontal swathe of blue discloses a cliff scene with tree below. In a subject exceptional for her, a woman in a long dress (almost the sole instance of form uppermost, although hinted in what resembles an urban nocturne hung nearby) is seen in an interior. A show with a good deal of variety behind homogeneity of colour.

At the same venue, **Hannah Megged** shows an interesting presentation of landscape in a series of canvases extending around all the walls of the gallery which create a single mountainous panorama. Each section has either two or three planes connected by a single colour, deep brown for the foreground with a suggestion of afforestation, becoming gradually lighter in the other planes and so pale for the sky as to be on the way to off-white. The variation in the number of planes between sections should alert us to their being separate views; but the uniform dovetailing is neatly done, with the result that what the eye absorbs is a familiar Israeli landscape.

Finally, the museum's "Homage to Zaritsky," on his reaching 90: three paintings from its collection. The first, from 1939, introducing the artist painting, is of course, figurative. The second, the 1948 oil "Figures among the Eucalyptus," is abstract, built up in two main colours, brown and light blue contrasted in a similar irregular area for each and then carried through, with other colours, to render a harmonious and typical example of "New Horizons" work. The third, "Figures in a Landscape," a 1951 oil, is still more advanced. Colours are more varied, light blue, flesh and orange. These colours constitute the background abstraction, while the tiny foreground schematic figures and motifs serve for a loosely extensive plane, quite sufficient to avoid flatness; and bring the whole to life. (Museum of Modern Art, Haifa). Till Dec. 8.

RAHEL ARTEL-TUBIN shows pencil-shaded drawings, ambitious efforts, at times verging on surrealism or the popular influence of Hartung's linearity. They possess imagination but identity is not always clearly expressed. For example, motifs from kibbutz life and very frequently hung on strings, could be weights, stones, potatoes or, in one case, a carrot. The most successful items are the humanized chests-of-drawers and an effective arrangement of X-shaped metal road barriers. Otherwise, the general trouble with her work arises from imagination not being fully paralleled by forceful siting on the paper. (The New Gallery, Neve Shaanan, Haifa.) Till Nov. 18. □

Secrets of Kadishman

Meir Ronnen

MANY of the advances in art, music and literature over the last three centuries have derived from a cobbling together of earlier techniques and ideas. It has long been considered legitimate for composers and dramatists to plunder plots and technical ideas from earlier material, while transforming them into "something else" through the transmutations engendered by their own creative powers. So it is with painting.

Menashe Kadishman is a case in point. His current Jerusalem show, his first presentation of painting in the Capital, is a direct continuation of his recent show at the Tel Aviv Museum: mostly different, sometimes better, but little further development. The curator of the Museum show associated it with "New Painting" a euphemism touted in London at the Royal Academy's last big show and intended to prove that the drought caused by an arid decade of conceptual art had at least been broken.

Painting is new for Kadishman (he has a fully-fledged reputation as sculptor) but what he offers, though often exciting and pleasing in its vivacity, is not really new at all. Part of his approach and technique derives from Warhol; some of the rest goes back to Emil Nolde and early German expressionism and some to the later symbolic expressionism of Picasso and the decorative works of Dufy while a few of the works derive from the calligraphic American "New Image" painting of artists like Susan Rothenberg and such diverse Israeli painters as Zaritsky and Tamar Geter.

PRINTING PAINTS

THE only really new element in Kadishman's work is something that has been totally ignored: the fact that he uses synthetic printing paints. In skipping this point, the Tel Aviv Museum catalogue listed all the Kadishman paintings as "oils on canvas," which they are not, even if some oil or oil paint has been mixed in. For the character of these printing "inks" is that they not only possess a special brilliance of hue, but like acrylics, come in modular sets that contain roughly the same admixture of white. It is the resulting gouaché-like effect that offers instant harmony of tone and colour (as it does in some of Zaritsky's carefully mixed oil paints for instance).

Screenprint inks are ideal for this purpose, particularly those that can be mixed with oil and turpentine. In this case, it is the pleasant character of the medium that has helped make a painter out of Kadishman.

Kadishman sticks chiefly to two themes derived from his conceptual installations, the first of live sheep and the second of cutout trees. Until recently he had never used colour, except to paint his telephone book pages or to colour real trees and rocks. The next step was painting over the screenprints by hand, a method beloved of Jim Dine who does it with etchings. Kadishman then had a technician transfer photo-screenprint images of a sheep's head to canvas or linen, working them over with broad swathes of synthetic paint, a method derived directly from Warhol and even adopting Warhol's method of combining variously treated serial images made from the same print.

Menashe Kadishman: Head, printing inks on canvas (Sara Gilat Gallery).

Kadishman's approach to painting is largely instinctive, but the sympathetic paint medium and his own fine sensibility often lead to splendid results. The largely yellow sheep head here is a knockout, the curly wool nicely suggested as a contrast to the *art brut* approach. The idea of disassociating the area of colour from the image probably owes its origin to Dufy. Kadishman's colour is also pleasant rather than harsh.

But as in his Tel Aviv show, Kadishman has gone beyond the screenprint images, making large paintings in which the sheep element has been reduced to a repeated calligraphic ideograph that is almost completely abstract. A strikingly successful abstract expressionist work with this ideograph shown here also comprises two painted tree branches that lean onto and point into the composition. Somehow, it all works.

There is also an enormous and powerful girl's head that harks back to Nolde and which is also strikingly rich in colour.

Despite its very varied standard, this is a powerful show. I'm not sure that some of these large linens would not look better if they were stretched and mounted on a firm frame. (Sara Gilat Gallery, 4 Pinsker, Talbieh, J'lem). □

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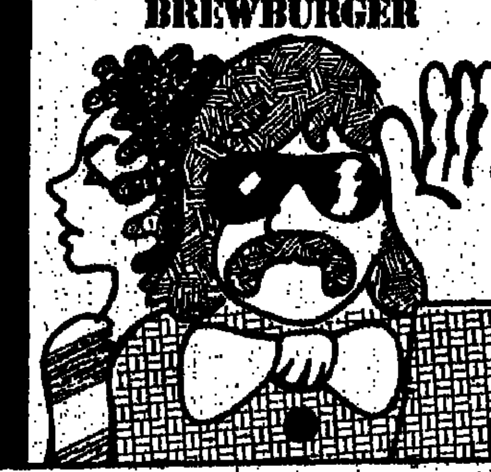

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مكتبة من الأجل

Eminently Eddible

THERE IS nothing more depressing than walking into a restaurant in which it is clear that the proprietor has no particular interest in food and sees the customers only as a source of money.

Usually it is easy enough to spot such a place. The menu is full of items that come out of tins or the deep freeze, and the choice of dishes reflects a lack of imagination, with any interesting entrees copied from more creative eating places. The prices too are based on what the traffic will bear, rather than any honest evaluation of the worth of the product.

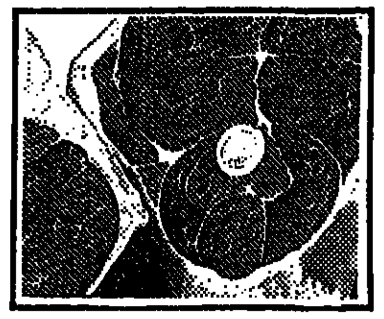
But there are many other eating places where it is obvious that the proprietor is genuinely interested in pleasing his or her clients. Here the food often has interesting little touches, and one almost always leaves with a sense of well-being.

One of those who created such a feeling was Eddie, originally from the U.S., who opened a little "hamburger garden" in the centre of Jerusalem a few years ago. The place was small and charming, the portions large and satisfying. My only complaint was that the Hamburger Garden closed less than a year after it had opened, when Eddie moved to Eilat and opened a similar restaurant there.

About six months ago, while in Eilat, I sought out the place, only to be told that Eddie had sold it and was in the process of opening yet another restaurant in the resort town.

THE NEW locale, known as Eddie's Hideaway, was not open then, but on a recent visit to Eilat, I did go there. Located off Rehov Ha'almogim, the restaurant truly is hidden away and would seem almost impossible to find, but it was crowded when we arrived early in the evening. We asked two young Swedes at a table nearby how they had found the place, and they said that they had been directed there by their tour leader.

Studying the menu, I was intrigued by a first course listed as "gevina marinara." The mystery was solved when I learned that the first word was Hebrew (cheese) and the second Italian (referring to a type of tomato sauce). I ordered it and found the result admirable; fried cheese, crisp on the outside and runny on the inside, with a tomato sauce which offset it nicely.



MATTERS OF TASTE
Haim Shapiro

My companion, in a more conventional frame of mind, ordered the shrimp cocktail and received the classic American version of this dish with tails intact and a sauce which included tomato ketchup and horseradish among its ingredients. It was not outstanding, but quite satisfactory.

Meanwhile, we asked about the red wine and were told that only Montfort Carignan was available. When the wine arrived, we found it very well chilled, in defiance of the conventions regarding red wine. My first thought was that when the wine experts spoke of serving red wine at room temperature, they were not thinking of Eilat, but of some cold northern country. But I did think that the chilling had surpassed even those allowances.

I then recalled a few occasions when I had been offered a light red wine, served chilled. Perhaps my Carignan fell under such a category, even though the label suggested it be served at room temperature.

In fact, tasting revealed that while the chilling had probably made the wine somewhat less full-bodied than it might otherwise have been, it did bring out a sharp flinty quality that I might not have noticed. All in all, I was not sorry the wine had been chilled.

For the main course I ordered Steak Eddie, with a mild curry and cream sauce with mushrooms. The steak itself was excellent, extremely tasty and well cooked. But the waiter confused the order and brought a plain steak with mushrooms, only afterwards bringing the sauce in a separate container. I think I actually liked it better without the sauce.

My companion tried a steak provençal, much the same as mine, but with a touch of garlic. This was very, very good. In a separate dish we were served cooked carrots and a potato cake.

The salad consisted of tomato and lettuce, with a sour cream and garlic dressing, one item that has been retained from Eddie's original hamburger garden. It was still good.

To end our meal, my companion had ordinary coffee, but I tried Eddie's special coffee, with cinnamon and whipped cream. As these things go, it was not bad.

The bill came to IS497.

I FIRST encountered fried cheese several years ago in the army. I was quite surprised to find that ordinary yellow cheese, when fried in hot butter, does not stick to the pan but forms a crisp crust. For those who wish to work harder, it is possible to dip cheese sticks in flour, beaten eggs and bread crumbs and then fry them in hot oil.

For a tomato sauce I would suggest frying a little garlic in olive oil, adding a tin of tomato sauce, salt, pepper and a pinch of sugar, and basil or oregano. Serve the cheese hot with the hot sauce over it. □

CHESS
Eliahu Shahaf

Problem No. 3044
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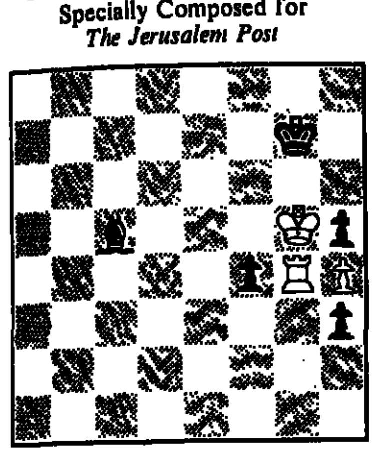

White to play and draw (3-5)

SOLUTIONS. Problem No. 3042 (Keller). 1.f5! threat 2.f6; 1.— Qf5, gf, Re6, fe 2.Ng6, Nd3, Nf7, Nec6.

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP

IN THE SECOND game, Korchnoi choose the rather rare Berlin variation of the Ruy Lopez. Up to the 34th move, the game was more or less even, with Korchnoi slowly getting out of his initially tight position. On the 34th move he overlooked, however, a simple combination, which cost him a pawn. This and an inferior position left Korchnoi little chance of saving the game. Karpov demonstrated his fine technique and scored his second point on the 57th move.

A. KARPOV — V. KORCHNOI

1.e4 e5 2.Nf3 Nc6 3.Bb5 Nf6 4.0-0 Ne4 5.d4 Be7 6.Qe2 Nd6 7.Bc6 bc6 8.de Nb7 9.Nc3 0-0 10.Re1 Nc5 11.Be3 Ne6 12.Rad1 d5 13.ed cd 14.Nd4 Bd7 15.Nf5 d5 16.Ne7 Qe7 17.Qd2 Qh4 18.Ne2 h6 19.b3 Re7 20.Ng3 Qf6 21.f3 Be8 22.Ne2 h6 23.Bf2 Qg6 24.Nc1 d4 25.Nd3 Qf6 26.Bg3 Rd7 27.Re5 Qd8 28.Rde1 Rd5 29.Rd5 Qd5 30.Re5 Qd7 31.Qe1 Rc8 32.b4 Qd8 33.Ra5 Qd7 34.h3 f6? 35.Ra7! Qd5 36.Ra5 Qd7 37.Ra7 Qd5 38.Ra5 Qd7 39.Qe4 Bf7 40.Qf5 Re8 41.Kh2 Qb7 42.a3 (sealed move) Rd8 43.h4 h5 44.Nf2 Qd7 45.Ra6 Qe8 46.Qa5 Bg6 47.Nd3 Kh7 48.Qb6 Rc8 49.a4 Bf5 50.a5 c5 51.bc5 Bd3 52.cd3 Nc5 53.Ra7 Qg6 54.Rc7 Rc7 55.Bc7 Nd3 56.Qd4 Ne5 57.Be5. Black resigns.

V. KORCHNOI — A. KARPOV
3rd game

1.c4 e6 2.Nc3 d5 3.d4 Be7 4.Nf3 Nf6 5.Bg5 h6 6.Bh4 0-0 7.e3 b6 8.Rc1 Bb7 9.Be2 dc (so far the course followed the first game, but now Karpov chooses a different continuation, considering the possibility that Korchnoi might have prepared something stronger for White) 10.Bc4 Nbd7 11.0-0 c5 12.Qe2 a6 13.a4 Ne4 14.Ne4 Be4 15.Bg3 Qc8 16.dc bc 17.Nd2 Bc6 18.b3 Rd8 19.Bd3 Qb7 20.f3 Nf6 21.Rfd1 Nd5 22.e4 Nb4 23.Bb1 Be8 24.e5 Nc6 25.Bf2 Nd4 26.Bd4 Rd4 27.Be4 Bc6 28.Bc6 Qc6 29.Nc4 Rad8 30.Rd4 cd4 31.Qd3 Bb4 32.g3 Rb8 33.Kg2 Bc3 34.Rb1 Qd5 35.h4 h5 36.Kf2 Bb4 37.Kg2 Be7 38.Rd1 Qb7 39.Rb1 Qd5 40.Rb2 Bb4 41.Rb1. Draw.

WORLD JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP

ENGLAND'S Nigel Short proved once again that he is one of the strongest young players today by coming third in the world junior championship. The following fine win is typical of his style.

SHORT — GRUSHKA

1.e4 e5 2.Nf3 Nf6 3.d4 Ne4 4.Bd3 d5 5.Ne5 Nd7 6.Nd7 Bd7 7.0-0 Qh4 8.c4 0-0-0 9.c5 g5 10.Nc3 Bg7 11.Ne2 f5 12.f3 Nf6 13.Be3 f4 14.Bf2 Qh6 15.Qd2 Rdf8 16.Rac1 g4 17.Qa5 a6 18.c6 Bc6 19.Rc6 bc6 20.Rc1 Ne4 21.Qa6 Kd7 22.Rc6 Rf6 23.Rf6 Nf6 24.Bf5 Ke7 25.Qc6 Kf8 26.Be1 Ne8 27.Bb4 Nd6 28.Qc8. Black resigns.

LLOYDS BANK MASTERS

ONE of the strongest open tournaments held in Europe this past summer, the Lloyds tourney fielded 7 GMs, 13 IMs, 10 FMs (FIDE Masters) and six female title-holders in a field of 122 players from 22 countries. The top trio was Raymond Keene (England), Yassir Seirawan (USA) and Anthony Miles (England) with 7 points each. Tied for second place were Israel's Yair Kraidman, Ya'acov Murey, GM Gheorghiu (Rumania) and Hebden (England) with 6½ points each. Keene, who won the silver trophy, gave several inspiring performances, such as the following:

ARNASON — KEENE

1.e4 g6 2.d4 Bg7 3.Nc3 d6 4.f4 Nc6 5.Be3 Nf6 6.h3 0-0 7.g4 e5 8.de5 de5 9.f5 gf5 10.ef5 Nd4 11.Bg2 Qe7 12.Qd2 Rd8 13.Qf2 h6 14.0-0-0 c5 15.Nge2 a5 16.Ng3 a4 17.g5 hg5 18.Bg5 a3 19.Nd5 ab2 20.Kb1 Rd5 21.Bf6 Qf6 22.Bd5 Qa6 23.c3 c4 24 Qb2 Nf5 25.Nf5 Bf5 26.Ka1 e4 27.Rhg1 Bg6 28.Rg4 e3 29.Rc4 Re8 30.Qb7 e2 31.Re1 Qc4! 32.Bc4 Bc3 33.Qb2 Be1 34.Be2 Bg3. White resigns.

OVERLOOKING A WIN

White — Kg1; Qb3; Rc2, Rd1; Bb2; Nb5; Pa3, b4, c4, e2, f2, g3, h2. (13). Black — Kg8; Qe6; Rc8, Rf8; Bh6; Ne4; Pb6, d4, e5, f7, g6, h7. (13). Black to play.

1.— Nf2! 2.Kf2 Be3 3.Kg2 Qc6 4.Kh3. Draw agreed, with Black overlooking the possibility to win by continuing: 4.— g5! (threatening 5.— g4 6.Kg4 f5 7.Kh3 Rf6) 5.g4 f5! 6.c5 Kh8 7.Nd6 fg 8.Kg3 Rf3! and wins. (Kantoris-Sandler, Riga, 1978.)

WINNING BOTH WAYS

White — Kh4; Qe8; Rd8, Rh1; Pa3, f4, g2, h2. (8). Black — Kg7; Qc5; Rc3; Bg4; Nc2; Pa7, b7, f7, g6, h5. (10). Black to play.

1.— g5 2.fg Rh3. White resigns. He could win also by 1.— Rh3 2.gh Qf2 3.Kg5 f6x. (Friman-Raind, Manchester, 1981.)

OLD GEM

White — Kh1; Qf3; Ra8, Re1; Bb3, Bd2; Nf2; Pb2, c2, d3, f4, g5, h3. (13). Black — Kh8; Qd6; Rg7, Rg8; Bc5, Bc8; Nf5; Pb5, c6, d5, d4, f6, h5. (13).

1.Rc8! Rc8 2.Qh5 Kg8 3.Rc8 Re8 4.Qe8 Kh7 5.Ne4! Ng3 6.Ng3 fg 7.Qh5 Kg8 8.Nf5. Black resigns. (Rabinovich-Leonhardt, Carlsbad, 1911.)

ELEGANT FINISH

White — Ke1; Qh3; Rh1; Nf5; Pa3, b2, c2, e4, f2. (9). Black — Kg8; Qg6; Rc8; Nh7; Pa5, b5, e5, f7, g7. (9).

1.Ne7! Re7 2.Qc8 Nf8 3.Qf8! Kf8 4.Rh8x. (Nikonov-Hardin, USSR, 1981.) □

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WHAT'S ON

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Jerusalem
CONDUCTED TOURS
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Hebrew University:
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2. Mount Scopus tours 11.00 a.m. from the Bronfman Reception Centre, Sherman Building. Buses 9 and 28 to last stop. Further details: Tel. 02-882819.
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Haifa
What's On in Haifa, dial 04-640840.

THIS WEEK'S EVENTS
THE TEL AVIV MUSEUM
27 SHAUL HAMELECH BLVD. TEL. 257361

14-20/11/81
NEW EXHIBITION
A Turning Point. 12 Israeli Artists, 1981.
Anti-formalistic tendencies in new Israeli art.
Artists participating: Ronit Eiger, Larry Abramson, Tsibi Geva, Tamar Getter, Moshe Gershuni, Aim Lusky, Michal Na'aman, Meriam Neiger, Miriam Nishri, Michael Kovner, Dvora Schneider , and Paul Shatz.
Opening: Tuesday, 8 p.m.
COLLECTIONS
Israeli Art — A Decade of Acquisitions. Alexander Archipenko: The Early Works 1910-1921. European and American Art.
MUSIC
Music Spectrum. Musical Director Boris Berman With Menahem Breuer, violin; Emilie Berendsen, mezzo-soprano, Richard Lesser, clarinet; Boris Berman, piano, and others Late romantic works and works by Kagel
Sat . 8 30 p m
New Faces Tal Kaplun, clarinet. Naomi Lev, piano works by Poulenc, Brahms, Martinu Rami Tal, flute, Sara Yanovsky-Tal, piano Works by Mozart, Hindemith, Schumann. Tue., 8 30 p.m.
THEATRE
The Kokonar. A performance through windows/frames alternately constituting a two-dimensional surface and an exit to the three dimensions of sculpture and the theatre Without words Visual means Rachel Berkman. Ami Berkman Music Yossi Mar Hayim Benny Kadishson Awarded the special prize at the Acre Fringe Theatre Festival Mon at 8 p m and 9 30 p.m
DANCE FILM
Swan Lake (Russia 1956 105 min . Russian, Hebrew subtitles) Chor,· Lev Ivanov. *Petipa: music Tchaikovsky. With Maya Plisetskaya Sun., 9 p.m*
DANCE ON VIDEO
The Children of Theatre Street (90 min . in colour, English. no subtitles)
An American-Russian co-production on the Kirov Dance School which bred Nijinsky, Nureyev, Baryshnikov, Makarova and others. Narration Princess Grace of Monaco In conjunction with the Central Library for Music and Dance. Mon , 9 p m.
PERFORMANCES
In conjunction with the exhibition, A Turning Point.
Red Bird A performance dealing with feminine rituals which unite aspects of childhood and feminine maturity Written and designed by Iril Bluzer. Wed . 9 p.m
Festivities 81. A one-time performance 'in search of joy' by Motti Mizrahi and Arik Shapira A mass happening in the Museum's Central Court with players singers, dancers, models, and other participants Thurs , 7 p.m.
CINEMA
A tribute to Francis Reichenbach, the brilliant artist of documentaries Premiere screening of short documentaries The Monnes, 'Club Méditerranée,' 'Lartigue' (the famous photographer) Wed 9 p m
PROGRAMMES FOR THE GOLDEN AGE
Opera on film. Verdi (1966) in colour, Italian, Hebrew/English subtitles), Verdi's life interwoven with arias from 8 operas, featuring Mario del Monaco, Tito Gobi and others Senior Citizens IS7, Museum Friends and their guests IS25. Mon , 10 a m.
AFTERNOON ADVENTURE FOR CHILDREN, 4 p.m.
Sun., and Thurs children (4-8) and parents. Mon : grades 3-6 Wed. grades 1-2. Tickets in advance at the box office.
Hours
Sun -Thurs 10 a m.-10 p.m (collections 10 a.m.-5 p m, Israeli collection will be open Sun. Tue until 10 p m) Sat 10 a.m -2 p m , 7-11 p.m. (Israeli Art Collection). Friday the Museum is closed.
The Helena Rubinstein Art Library. Sun Mon Wed 10 a.m.-4 p m ; Tue , Thurs 10 a m.-1 p m ; 5 8 p.m The Graphic Study Room: Mon , Tue, Wed , 10 a m.-1 p.m.
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EXHIBITION
Sculpture: Processes. An exhibition-workshop from the Museum Collection.
Creativity corners, 5-8 p.m. Young visitors are given the opportunity to experience working in sculpture.
Video Films, on the sculptors Brancusi, Giacometti, Etienne Martin, Sun , Tue - Thurs 5 8 p m
Guided tours and workshops for schools: sculpture, sculpture and movement During morning hours. Details and registration: Sun-Thurs 9 a.m -1 p m.
HOURS: Sun.-Thurs. 9 a.m.-1 p.m.; 5-8 p.m. Sat. 10 a.m.-2 p.m. Friday, the Pavilion is closed.

ART GUIDE

Notices in this feature are charged at IS44.80 per line including VAT; insertion every Friday costs IS134.40 including VAT per month. Copy accepted at offices of The Jerusalem Post and all recognized advertising agents

Jerusalem
MUSEUMS
Israel Museum. Exhibitions: Permanent Collections of Judaica, Art and Archeology. Jews of Kurdistan, Daily Life, Customs, Arts and Crafts. Dada Collages by Erwin Blumenfeld, autobiographical photographic collages. Tribute to Zaritsky, to mark the 90th birthday of Joseph Zaritsky. "A Glimpse into the Past," the Ternbach collection. Trends in Art after 1945, non-geometric abstraction and Pop Art. Special Exhibit: "Tikunei Shabbat," special Shabbat prayerbook Germany 1917. Reality-Illusion (Youth Wing). Tribute to Sasha Schneider, the celebrated violinist. Design from The Netherlands, comprehensive selection of recent Dutch design.
Jerusalem City Museum — Tower of David — The Citadel. Open daily 8.30 a.m.-4.30 p.m. Multi-screen show (Eng.) Sun.-Thur. 9.00, 11.00 a.m.; 1.00, 3.00 p.m. Nightly (except Friday and Holiday) in French: 7.30 p.m. German: 8.15 p.m. English: 9 p.m. Permanent Exhibits: Ethnographic Dolls "Jerusalem Characters." Temporary Exhibition: "Naji Paintings in Jerusalem."
Galerie Vision Nouvelle, Khutzot Hayotzer, Y.S. *Hamische. Original prints.* Tel. 02-819864, 280031.
Old Yishuv Court Museum. The life of the Jewish community in the Old City, mid-19th century-World War II. 6. Reh. Or Hahaim, Jewish Quarter Old City. Sun.-Thur., 10 a.m.-5 p.m.
Sir Isaac and Lady Edith Wolfson Museum at Hechal Shlomo: Permanent Exhibition of Judaica. Diorama Room: History of Jewish People. Special Exhibit: Sun. through Thur. 9 a.m.-1 p.m.: Fri. 9 a.m.-12 noon. Tel. 635212.

Tel Aviv
MUSEUMS
Tel Aviv Museum. Exhibitions: Opening Exhibition (Tues. 8 p.m.): Turning Point, 12 Israeli Artists 1981. Israeli Art: A Decade of Acquisition. Archipenko: Early Works 1910-1921. European and American Art Collections.

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Tel Aviv
MUSEUMS
Tel Aviv Museum, Exhibitions: Opening Exhibition (Tues. 8 p.m.): Turning Point, 12 Israeli Artists 1981, Israeli Art: A Decade of Acquisition. Archipenko: Early Works 1910-1921. European and American Art Collections.
Visiting Hours: Sun-Thurs, 10 a.m.-10 p.m. (collections 10 a.m.-5 p.m.). Sat. 10 a.m.-2 p.m., 7-11 p.m. **Friday closed.**

Beth Hatefutsoth
The Nahum Goldmann Museum of the Jewish Diaspora

Visiting Hours: Sun , Mon., Tues., Thur. 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Wed. 10 a.m.-9 p.m The Museum is closed on Fridays and Saturdays.
— Children under 6 not admitted.
— Organized tours must be pre-arranged (Tel. 03-425161, 9 a.m.-1 p.m., Sun - Thur.)

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Exhibitions
1. The Turning Point — The Jews of France during the Revolution and the Napoleonic Era — Photographs of drawings and prints from the time of the revolution; three dimensional exhibits and slide show.
2. *The Wonderful Island of Djerba* — An ancient Jewish community on the Tunisian coast. Photo documentation by Jan Parik, 1981.

Events
1. Turning Points in Jewish History: The Rise of Islam — second lecture in the series. lecturer: Dr Joel Kraemer (in English).
Bnai Zion Auditorium, Sun., 15/11/81 at 8.30 p.m.
2. Hatred of the Jews — The Jewish Fate or a Social Phenomenon?: Hatred of Jews in the Hellenistic World — second lecture in the series, lecturer: Dr. Aryeh Kasher (in Hebrew).
Bnai Zion Auditorium, Tues., 17/11/81 at 8.30 p.m.
3. From the Scholar's Notebook: Bialik's Autobiographical Poem "Shirati" — second lecture in the series in cooperation with the School of Jewish Studies, Tel Aviv University. Participants: Dr. Ziva Shamir, Dr. Uzi Shavit, Dr. Reuven Zur, Dr. Ruth Shonfeld (in Hebrew).
Bnai Zion Auditorium, Wed., 18/11/81 at 12 noon.
4. A meeting with Joseph Lapid, chairman of Israel Broadcasting Authority, who will speak of his family and the Jews of Yugoslavia. Moderator: Yaron London (in Hebrew).
Bnai Zion Auditorium, Wed., 18/11/81 at 8.30 p.m.

Exhibitions on Tour
1. The Last Jews of Radauti — Beit Lohamei Hagetaot (The Ghetto Fighters Museum) Kibbutz Lohamei Hagetaot.
*2. The Scrolls of Fire — text: Abba Kovner, paintings: Dan Reisinger, Matnas Pardess Hanna
*3 The Jews from the Konkan — The Bene Israel Community in India — "Ladorot" Library, Lod
4. The Closed Curtain — The Moscow Yiddish State Theater — Habimah National Theater, Tel Aviv

*Courtesy of ISRAEL DISCOUNT BANK
Beth Hatefutsoth is located on the campus of Tel Aviv University (Gate 2). Klausner St., Ramat Aviv
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woman was the wife of the farm controller, and their mistress was now horribly afraid to harbour me any longer. I would have to move on.

Bruno filled a big sack with potatoes and apples and bread, and wished me good luck.

I thanked him profusely for all he had done for me, sensing his guilt at turning me out, and asked him which was the way to the front. My only thought was to make my way to the Red Army.

Bruno told me that the front was 10 to 15 kilometres away and that in my condition I would be daft to try to get there. His advice was to go straight down the long main street and out of the village, following a narrow mountain stream, until I found another place where I could hide, eat all the food in the sack, and try to regain some strength. Then, if I were still determined to get to the front, I should move only at night, using the stars as my guide.

As a final flourish, he gave me a Tyrolean hat with a jaunty feather to camouflage my shaven head. Because it was Sunday, he said, the streets would be full of people coming home from church, and nobody would pay any attention to me as long as I acted naturally.

Trying to act confident and inconspicuous at the same time, I started off down the main street, sauntering, trying to figure out what to do. I soon became very tired, and spotting an open barn, I decided to rest in the hayloft.

I gobbled some of the food in my sack and then, relaxed and warm in the hay, fell into a long, deep sleep. When I awoke, I heard the sound of children's voices outside the barn. My experience with the *Hitler Jugend* a few days before had given me a horrible fear of German children — a fear that was to last a long time, longer than my fear of German adults — and I felt that I must immediately put as much distance as possible between myself and them.

Once again I found myself ambling down the main street, only now it was Monday, and I didn't have the church-going crowd to hide in. After half an hour or so, I saw a young farm worker leaning casually on a gate and smoking a cigarette. He was clearly not a German. He gazed at me so penetratingly that I dared not avert my glance. I approached him boldly, and perceived that his face was friendly and smiling. He looked at me so knowingly that I had an uncanny feeling that he was expecting me.

"Czego szukasz?" he queried. "What are you looking for?"

I knew Poles very well, having grown up among them, and I knew from his look that he knew — or if he didn't know, strongly suspected — that I was not from these parts, that I didn't belong here.

"I'm looking for a friend," I said, putting on my best peasant accent, "but I don't know exactly where he lives. I've got to find him." My answer couldn't have been more truthful.

Still smiling and looking at me very hard he said, "You know, if you go along another hundred metres or so, I think you'll find your friend. Look out for a very big farm. Don't be afraid. You'll find good friends there."

I thanked him and said, "All right, I'll try. Maybe he's just the friend I'm looking for."

FROM THAT MOMENT, I felt that perhaps I was not alone. Maybe in this village there was some anti-German sentiment among the

Polish, Russian, Latvian, Ukrainian and Lithuanian farm-workers, maybe even some underground that would be willing to help me. The hope gave me courage to go on.

Sure enough, before long I came upon a big farm and two young, brawny farm-hands. One was a handsome blond boy, the other was very dark. They were busy loading sacks of grain onto a horse-drawn cart.

When the blond boy caught sight of me, he asked "For whom are you looking?" I could tell immediately that he was not originally a peasant, but from an educated background.

"I'm looking for some of my friends."

"Come in. Wait in there until we finish this," he said, nodding towards the cowshed.

What could I do but obey? I had to find a friend in this village or perish.

After a time, the farm-hands broke for lunch. They came into the cowshed — two Ukrainian girls, plus the blond boy, Anatole, and the dark boy, Ivan. The first question shot at me was simple and direct:

"Who are you?"

"Don't ask me," I replied. "I'll explain later."

But they kept on pressing me, until finally I had to say:

"I'm a survivor, I escaped from a column. Please don't ask me more."

But Anatole asked:

"Are you a Jew?"

What could I say? In a flash, I decided to trust this beautiful boy, this Greek god.

"Yes," I said, "I am a Jew."

At this, Ivan, who was Ukrainian, started to tremble and splutter and stutter. He was terrified. Anatole picked up a pitchfork, aimed it at Ivan's stomach and threatened him:

"Look, Ivan, one word out of you, one false move, and you'll find yourself over there in that pile of manure. I'll kill you. Do you understand? This is *my* business. I am responsible." And Ivan quietened down, although it was clear that he was frightened until the very end.

ANATOLE, who was a Russian, told me to sit down at the table, and knocked on the door to the kitchen to ask his mistress for another bowl of soup and an extra portion of meat. "We have a friend from another village visiting us," he explained.

"A friend from another village? Ha-ha. A likely story! On Monday, no less, when he has to be working," laughed the German housewife. But she provided the food. She even gave me a big piece of meat, the first I had eaten for five years.

After lunch, Anatole told me to wait in the cowshed until evening and try to look busy, as if I were indeed a friend who had come to help out. So I worked a little around the cows with the Ukrainian girls, and at nightfall, Anatole returned and told me:

"There's a Pole in this village who I'm sure can help you. I'll send Ivan to fetch him."

THAT IS HOW Bronislaw Slaby entered my life — Bronek, who was to be my "sponsor" during the two months I spent in Schnellewalde.

As soon as Bronek arrived, he took charge of the situation. A strong, stolid man in his late twenties, he exuded confidence and competence. As I learned later, he was lord and master of the farm where he worked, holding all the keys in his pocket and replacing the absent German husband in every way. Now, he naturally assumed the leadership of the tiny cabal which pondered my fate.

I told Bronek my idea about finding the front and joining the Red Army.

"That's far too dangerous," he said. "It's the middle of winter, you are still weak, and you don't know the terrain. Besides, even if you get there, the Russians are on one side of the Oder and the Germans are on the other. If one side doesn't shoot you crossing the ice, the other side certainly will."

I found his arguments convincing.

Bronek had a better idea. At home he had an old identity card. It had belonged to someone called Mikolai Sadowskii, born in Odessa in 1905. It had no photograph.

"It's not perfect," he admitted, "but I can scratch away part of the nought and we can pretend that it's a two." That would make it 1925, which was only two years earlier than my real birthdate. I could as easily pass for 20 as 18.

"Besides," Bronek added, "the village is desperately short of manpower. Since the front has moved so close, the Germans have taken away all the Soviet P-o-Ws who used to work here, and sent them farther west. No one is in a mood to be fussy. You'll be snapped up in no time. Just go to the *Bauernführer* and tell him you're looking for work. I'm sure he'll give you a permit."

"But what if he asks for my papers?"

"Tell him you were working for a German master on the other side of the Oder, and when the Russians came, everyone fled in panic. In the confusion, you got separated from your master, who was holding the papers of all his workers. Don't show him the identity card unless he insists on seeing something."

"But what if he asks why I have no hair?"

"They shaved your head when you were ill in hospital."

ARMED WITH my stories, I set out first thing next morning for the *Bauernführer*. My spirits were buoyed by Bronek's parting words:

"If it will help you, you can say that you're my cousin."

I couldn't have asked for a greater gift at the moment than a Polish cousin.

I found the controller in his kitchen, struggling to pull on his boots. He hardly glanced at me, even as I respectfully took off my Tyrolean hat and revealed my bald head. His wife was bustling about the stove. His daughter, a girl of about 16, was busy sweeping the floor.

"Guten Morgen," I said, and in German that I hoped would make them take me for a simple Polish peasant, I explained what I had come for.

"Helga," said the controller to his daughter with a wave of his hand, "I have no time now. Write him a work permit for Mashotko. She's asked me twice since the Russians left for a new worker."

Turning to me, he asked, "What is your name?"

"Sadowskii, Mikolai."

"Where are you from?"

I mentioned a small village near my native Lodz.

"Born?"

"1925."

His wife had turned from the stove and began staring at me with unfriendly squinting eyes, as if trying to remember where she had seen me before. Apparently she didn't think it was worth taxing her brain, for she turned back to her cooking without a word.

The great ordeal I had steeled myself for was over. Within minutes I was clutching a work permit in my hand. I ran back to Bronek to tell him the news.

"Excellent!" he exclaimed. "Mashotko is a Pole. She married a German during the last war and came to live here. What luck!"

And having given me a good pep-talk, he sent me off to Mashotko's farm. He promised to come and visit me on Sunday. I could tell Mashotko that my cousin was coming.

I ARRIVED at Mashotko's house, which was right at the end of the village, while she was having her dinner. There's a Polish superstition that if someone arrives at your door unexpectedly during a meal, that person will be your friend.

"Oh!" she cried on seeing me. "Please come in. How extraordinary. I had a dream last night that a stranger would visit me during dinner today, and would bring me a letter from my husband from the front. Come in come in. Sit down. Have something to eat."

Even though I didn't have a letter from her husband, I did have a work permit, and that made her almost as happy.

"You know," she confessed to me, "I have a slight problem. I have no room for you to sleep in. The Russian prisoner who worked here before slept at the barracks: My only spare room is full of potatoes. Would you mind very much sleeping in the cowshed? I can clean a nice place for you in the corner. Otherwise, I'm afraid you'll have to go back to the *Bauernführer* and ask him for another place."

"Well," I said, trying to sound nonchalant, "it won't be very pleasant, but I've walked a long way and I'm awfully tired. Besides, you are Polish, which is very convenient for me, because I don't speak German. I agree to stay Maybe later on you can fix the room for me."

Little did she know that I was ready to sleep not only with the cows but with the pigs as well.

"And now," she asked, "how much must I pay you?"

I was dumbfounded. I hadn't the faintest idea of farm-hands' wages. Bronek had forgotten to coach me in this particular area. I hemmed and hawed until, apparently thinking that I was simply shy about asking for money, Mashotko herself came to my rescue.

"Farm-workers around here usually earn between 14 and 22 marks a month. Why don't we start you at 18, and if you turn out well, we can raise it to 20 later on. Is that all right for you?"

Regaining my aplomb, I replied, "Of course, 18 marks isn't very much. My former master paid me 20. But as long as I can expect a raise, I agree to start at 18."

And exploiting my knowledge of peasant mentality, I added: "I would prefer you to give me only a small part of my wages for my current expenses, and hold the rest for me until I leave here. Otherwise I'm afraid I might gamble it all away."

This made Mashotko very happy, as she would be able to pay me in the summer, after the crops were in and she had more cash available.

And so it came to pass that, I, Mikolai Sadowskii, began to work for the woman Mashotko, in the village of Schnellewalde, on January 22, 1945. □

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Essenes in exile

Magen Broshi, curator of the Israel Museum's Shrine of the Book, reveals a provocative theory about the ancient Dead Sea sect to ABRAHAM RABINOVICH.

(Yakir Zur)

THE PARCHMENT fragments dug out of the bat dung in the caves near Qumran have financed more villas than most contemporary best-sellers. Scores of houses have been built on the desert fringe of Bethlehem by members of the Taamra tribe with proceeds from the Dead Sea Scrolls they uncovered. The shadowy middlemen to whom they sold the ancient writings have likewise done well for themselves, but it is the world of scholarship which has profited most in the third of a century that has now passed since the first scrolls were brought to light. Scholars around the world have spent these decades deciphering, analysing and speculating, and the discipline of Dead Sea Scrollery is still in its infancy.

Magen Broshi, curator of the Israel Museum's Shrine of the Book, in which the scrolls are housed, has been devoting himself to study not only of the sect of ascetics which produced the scrolls 2,000 years ago on the forbidding shores of the Dead Sea, but of the possibility that men continued to live by their stark creed in secret into the Middle Ages.

"I believe the Essenes carried on a subterranean existence for a thousand years after their disappearance from the historical scene," says Broshi. "They tried to hide their existence. The evidence is meagre, but it is there."

The Essenes were one of three trends in Judaism, albeit a fringe movement, during the latter part of the Second Temple period. The two major ones were the Pharisees and the Saducees. Probably founded in the 2nd century B.C.E. at about the time of the Maccabee revolt, the Essenes were a reaction, Broshi believes, to the liberal tendencies of the Pharisees and to the usurpation by the Maccabean kings of the high priesthood.

"No one has ever stressed properly how liberal the Pharisees were, and how progressive," says Broshi. "Centuries of sages tried to move Judaism towards a humanistic, livable way of life. The extremism we see in Mea Shearim today is part of the reaction that set in against Jewish liberalism of the 18th century. The reason Sephardim are not so extreme is that they didn't have this kind of liberalism to react against."

THE QUMRAN community was established by ascetics escaping what they viewed as the spiritual fleshpots of Jerusalem and other towns of ancient Israel. Most scholars agree that they were Essenes. The settlement, which existed for some two centuries, probably never numbered more than 400 souls. Waiting devoutly for the End of Days, they regarded themselves as preordained elect — the Sons of Light distancing themselves from the Sons of Darkness.

The Sons of Darkness caught up with them in 70 C.E., when the Roman legions on their way to the destruction of Jerusalem laid waste to the Dead Sea settlement and apparently ripped up many of the scrolls sequestered in the nearby caves. This would account for the shredded condition in which many would be found 1900 years later.

Qumran disappeared from history until a Beduin boy discovered the first scrolls in 1947. Archeologists soon established that the nearby ruins had been inhabited by the sect which produced the scrolls.

Two copies of an ancient manuscript extracted from the *geniza* (storeroom) of a Cairo synagogue in 1896 provide Broshi with his principal clue that the Essenes continued to exist as a sect for more than a millennium after Qumran was destroyed. The manuscript, known as the Damascus Covenant, is the work of an unnamed ascetic sect, some of whose members fled Judea and took refuge in Damascus. One of the two copies found in Cairo was written in the 10th century C.E., the other, a century or two later.

The text of the document indicated strongly that the sect involved was the Essenes. This was dramatically confirmed for scholars when one of the scrolls uncovered from the Qumran caves proved to be an exact copy of the Damascus Covenant.

The fact that it was being copied by scribes more than a thousand years later seems to Broshi to show that the sect was still alive. He attributes its transformation into an underground movement to the national trauma induced by the destruction of the Temple and to the subsequent rise of Christianity. The lively religious ferment of the Second Temple period ended with its destruction in 70 C.E.

"THE JUDAISM that emerged was amazingly homogeneous," says Broshi. "This homogeneity was forced. Judaism was now one stream — rabbinic, talmudic. No deviation from the norm was tolerated. Ranks had to be consolidated in face of Christian rivalry and it's small wonder that any deviation was repressed. So the Essenes had to become clandestine. I have a strong feeling that they continued to exist. Indeed, it's more than a feeling; there are some facts."

Besides the Damascus Covenant, there is another medieval document with strong Qumran overtones now being examined by Hebrew University scholars. In addition, says Broshi, there are periodic allusions in medieval Jewish texts to a deviationist sect. The 10th century scholar, Saadia Gaon, writing in Arabic, mentions a certain Alexandrian who belonged to a sect of cave people. This sect, according to Saadia Gaon, celebrated an olive-oil feast 50 days after a wine feast. "We have these two feasts elsewhere only among the [Dead Sea] sect," says Broshi, who also speaks of hints in the Talmud that normative Judaism "is fighting against an unnamed enemy."

Even during Qumran's existence, many Essenes did not follow the monkish lifestyle of the Dead Sea sect, but lived normal family lives in the cities. Broshi believes that it was these low-profile Essenes who kept the sect alive in the Holy Land and in the diaspora. Scraps of manuscripts in Greek found in the Qumran caves indicate that even the recluses had active contact with followers in the diaspora, where Greek was the common tongue.

WHAT HAVE the Dead Sea Scrolls taught us? At the simplest level, they have filled in a major gap in Hebrew writing, says Broshi.

"We have an uninterrupted chain of Hebrew going back 3,000 years except for a period of about 300 years — from the Maccabean revolt, when the last verses of the Old Testament were written in the Book of Daniel in about 165 B.C.E., to the first Mishnaic book, *Megillat Ta'anit* (The Scroll of Fasting), written about 135 C.E., just after the Bar Kochba revolt. Hardly a line of Hebrew literature from this period has been preserved, only translations into Greek, Latin, Ethiopian, Armenian, Old Slavic — you name it."

When a copy of *Ben Sira* was discovered in the Cairo Geniza in 1896, scholars unfamiliar with the Hebrew of this lost period thought they were looking at a medieval Hebrew retranslation of a foreign-language version of the original Hebrew. The Hebrew, however, was in fact 1,000 years older than they thought, as was discovered when a verbatim copy of *Ben Sira* turned up at Qumran.

The 300-year gap is now filled with fragments of 700 scrolls found at Qumran — a few of them several metres long, some of them little bigger than a matchbox.

The scrolls have been invaluable in spelling out the spiritual ferment of the Second Commonwealth, says Broshi. They have gone far to prove Josephus' reliability as an historian. But they are weak in narrative history. Only one, the Nahum Commentary, contains historical names — those of two Seleucid kings — and refers to an identifiable historical event, a battle between the Hasmonean king, Alexander Janneus, and one of the Seleucid monarchs, Demetrius III, in 88 B.C.E.

Have the scrolls indicated a link between the Essenes and early Christianity? Broshi believes that they have, irrefutably. "The origins of Christianity used to be ascribed to a putative Greek school of thought. We now know that much of Pauline Christianity that followed primitive Christianity was derived from Essene circles. This can be proven by stylistic considerations. Some parts of the epistles of Paul and John read almost like quotations from the Dead Sea Scrolls."

There is also a clear theological link, he says.

"Take predestination. This is the main point where Essenes differed from normative Judaism, which believed that man was free to choose his own way. Members of the sect believed that you were born either a child of light or a child of darkness and you couldn't cross over. In Christianity, too, predestination plays a major role."

Parallels between early Christianity and the Essenes also include the celebration of a daily mass and the sharing of property.

Broshi believes that it was not the Essenes of Eretz Yisrael who influenced Paul but those of the diaspora, since it was there that Paul did most of his preaching. "He must have had a following among diaspora Jews, Essenes among them."

IN ADDITION to getting a psychic lock on the men who lived by the scrolls, Broshi has attempted to find out all he can about the men who found them.

In the latter days of the Six Day War, while still in uniform, he drove in a jeep to the Taamra encampments in an attempt to locate the Beduin Mohammed Adib, who as a youth had found the first of the scrolls. Adib had been interviewed by American archeologists, but through translators.

"It came out unreal," says Broshi. "They understood that he had been pasturing sheep, for instance, when he was really smuggling them." Raised in Tel Aviv, he himself had learned Arabic and, no less important, the circuitous manner of conversation that is the Beduin way. He was informed, however, that Adib had died in Jordan.

In the early 1970s, Broshi went into the Judean Desert with some of the veteran Beduin cave-robbers to examine a promising cave that they had searched 20 years before but which might still hold undiscovered scrolls.

"It was one of the most interesting days of my life," he says. His guide was a 60-year-old Beduin who had never visited Hebron, just 20 km. from his encampment. Although two decades had passed since the man had been in the area, he still recalled the topography. After an hour's search, he found the small opening to the cave, just above the wadi floor.

"They have a keen eye that we civilized men can never approach. The opening was so well hidden you could never find it if you didn't know where to look."

The wiry Beduin stripped in order to wiggle through the opening and the stout Broshi managed to follow him in. The cave was enormous, but examination failed to reveal any scrolls.

THE HUNDREDS of caves in the Qumran area have been thoroughly searched in the past three decades by Beduin and archeologists. A number near the ancient settlement were artificial, dug by the Essenes in the soft marl to provide cool living quarters. Signs of habitation were found in 35 of the caves. In 11 of these, scrolls or scroll fragments were found — some 20,000 in all. Ten of these scroll caves were first discovered by the Beduin.

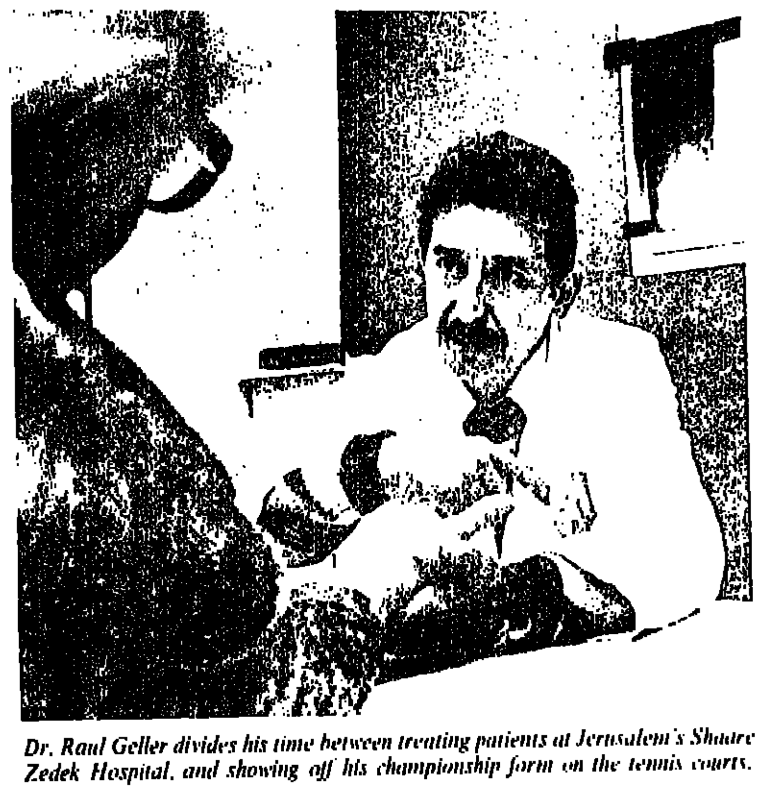
Scroll fragments are still being put together by an international research team based at Jerusalem's Rockefeller Museum. The scholarly world is awaiting the publication of the bulk of these scrolls. Prof. Yigael Yadin is presently working on the English version of the biggest of them, the nine-metre-long Temple Scroll. In preserving the scrolls, the museum is guided by scientists from the Weizmann Institute.

The fragments at the Rockefeller are kept in complete darkness. "Nothing is as injurious as intensive light," says Broshi. "Every housewife knows that." The scrolls on display at the Shrine of the Book are humidity-controlled and shielded by plexiglass which filters out the injurious ultra-violet and blue rays.

The flow of visitors to the Shrine of the Book — Broshi says there are 700,000 a year, which makes this the most popular tourist site in Jerusalem after the Western Wall — indicates the fascination exercised on modern man, with his spiritual uncertainties, by this sect of ascetic believers, who were so clear about the difference between bad and good. □

Sportsman with a scalpel

The Jerusalem Post's PHILIP GILLON finds that Dr. Raul Geller is one physician who doesn't just preach physical fitness. The surgeon, it turns out, is also an extraordinary athlete.



(Aaron Benzaol)

Dr. Raul Geller divides his time between treating patients at Jerusalem's Shaare Zedek Hospital, and showing off his championship form on the tennis courts.

THE HIPPOCRATIC Oath obliges all physicians to have a deep respect for life, but this does not compel them to enjoy living to the full. In fact, many Israeli doctors are so dedicated to serving their patients that they neglect their own physical well-being, smoke too much, become pot-bellied and flabby; they serve as models, not only of how to save other people's lives, but also of how not to live.

An exception to this type of Israeli physician is Dr. Raul Geller, the number two orthopedic surgeon in the Shaare Zedek Hospital in Jerusalem, former star centre-forward of Betar Jerusalem's soccer team, a Jerusalem tennis champion and the national over-45 tennis champion in the doubles and runner-up in the singles. Last year he won the singles. Last month he won both the singles and doubles over-45 titles in an international tournament at Herzliya.

Dr. Geller serves his patients with the same devotion that more sedentary, non-playing surgeons display, but his creed is that propounded by Juvenal — *Mens sana in corpore sano*. He works with the same zest that he displays when he smites a smash out of his opponent's reach, the same relish that was evident when he crashed a football into the net.

His prescription for living is to make the utmost use of every fleeting moment. "I think it is very healthy to live as I do at full stretch," he says. "I don't have time to waste time. You must get the maximum out of living. To do this you must concentrate on the things that are important to you.

During our interview, we are lying on deck-chairs next to the Holyland Hotel swimming-pool, after playing a vigorous set of doubles. Geller seems to be very relaxed, despite his creed, although admittedly he is fully stretched out.

He goes on: "It's a question of planning your day. Mine begins at 6 a.m., when I get up and read the professional literature. By 7.45 I'm at the hospital. I operate twice a week, and sometimes on other days when there are emergencies. I limit my private clinics to two a week, so as to have time to play tennis in the afternoons — I can't let work interfere with my tennis more than that."

At that moment I become aware of a curious sound coming from the vicinity of Geller's midriff. To my astonishment, he pulls a bleeper out of the pocket of his bathing-trunks, and looks at it rather ruefully.

"It's from the hospital," he says, "Excuse me, I must get to a telephone." He goes up to the hotel. When he returns, he says, "They'll have a patient ready for me to operate on in an hour. We can finish our interview first. I carry this bleeper with me everywhere."

RAUL GELLER was born 46 years ago in Cuzco, Peru, the capital of the ancient kingdom of the Incas. His father went to Peru from Poland in 1932; his mother was born there. Geller senior, a businessman, who owned a cinema and hotel, was also a keen soccer player, and imbued his young son with a love of the game. But his best friend was not allowed to play soccer by his father, who was a good tennis player, a club champion, so to keep his friend company, Raul started to play tennis as well as soccer.

When he was 12, his father was killed in an automobile accident, and his mother took her three sons and three daughters to live in Lima. Raul became a fervent Zionist: first he joined the Betar youth movement; later he moved to Noar Hazioni. "That wasn't for ideological reasons, but because they had the prettiest girls."

He had always wanted to be a surgeon and, after finishing high school, began to study medicine. "To pay my way through university, I played semi-professional soccer for a well-known club, Porvenir Miraflovres. Centre-forward — I was always centre-forward. I also worked in a business. Even then I managed to do many things almost simultaneously by organizing my life correctly.

"Another thing I did, without in any way losing ground in my medical studies, my soccer and my tennis, was to meet Victoria and fall in love with her. I was then in my fourth year at university. We were both keen Zionists. As soon as I finished medicine and general surgery, we got married."

That was in 1964. At the beginning of 1965 they immigrated to Israel.

THE REST of his family is still in Peru, and he is planning to spend a large part of his coming sabbatical year there so as to introduce his two daughters to the land of his birth and their cousins.

"There are 5,000 Jews in Peru," he says, "most of them in comfortable circumstances. There is very little anti-Semitism to speak of. But I'm convinced that anyone who feels that he is a Jew should live here; he can't really feel at ease in the Diaspora, however, much better off he may be financially. The moment we have our own land, of course we should live in it.

"But I didn't come here to suffer for the homeland, I came to enjoy as much as possible living on my own soil. He served in both the Six Day War and the Yom Kippur War, as well as in the war of attrition and other military operations. "I always take a tennis racquet with me. People think I'm a little crazy. I suppose — yet I manage to get in some tennis even during wars."

THE SHALIAH who helped the Gellers to plan their aliya, was a keen supporter of Jerusalem Betar, and arranged for Raul to join the club when he got to Israel. On the ship, he became friendly with Eli Singal, of Hapoel Jerusalem, who tried to induce him to join that club, but he answered that he was already committed to Betar.

Settled in Jerusalem, he went to the Hadassah-Hebrew University Medical Centre to specialize in orthopedics, and also began to play soccer for Betar. From then until 1970 he was the star and main goal-getter of the team. But at the same time he played tennis, and, for many years, he was the Jerusalem champion. In 1970, he decided that he was getting too old for soccer, and since then he has concentrated on tennis.

"I play first racquet for the Hebrew University. I also play at the YMCA. And at the Holyland. In fact, I play tennis every day, when I am not operating and there is no rain. I never get tired of it. I play with anyone, of any standard, and I always manage to enjoy the game.

"My older daughter, Orli, is the Jerusalem under 16 champion; she came second in the national championships. Her tennis suffered because there was no tennis centre in Jerusalem until a few months ago, so she didn't get the coaching and the practice that the girls in Tel Aviv were getting. At one stage, she stopped playing, because she had no framework. My younger daughter, Tanya, is now learning at the centre."

HAVING him beside me in a deck-chair obviously affords me an excellent chance to get some free medical advice, so I ask Dr. Geller about the possible disadvantages of people who are not so young playing tennis — sprains and strains, tennis elbow, torn muscles. Don't these things make it difficult for ordinary people to pursue his doctrine of living at full stretch?

"Obviously, there are hazards. But all life is dangerous, to be a human being is a dangerous thing. From the moment a person is in the uterus until he dies there are hazards. You must weigh up the pros and cons of life.

"The first thing is that a person must keep fit. Obviously, going on to a tennis court only occasionally, and then trying to play violently, increases the danger of strains. I don't think anybody should approach tennis, or any other sport, just as an exercise; they should try to play to the best of their ability, and this requires being fair to their bodies, keeping fit, and not making sudden, exceptional demands on muscles and joints.

"You should also try to play strokes correctly and smoothly, to hit the ball in the right way. If your stroke is right, the danger of stress is considerably reduced. And, of course, your enjoyment of the game is greatly increased. Not everyone can be a John McEnroe, but that's no reason why they cannot stroke the ball smoothly and fluently."

His bleeper suddenly starts to call its insistent, not-to-be-denied message. He leaps up from the deck-chair, no mean feat.

"I have to go to operate now," he says. "You can sum up my philosophy thus: to be very optimistic on the one hand, but on the other hand to live every day as if it may be your last. Never get yourself into a position in which you regret the things you haven't done. Enjoy life to the full. Remember if man had been intended to use his brain and not his body, he would have been a Medusa and not a man." □

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Selfish pictures

WITH PREJUDICE / Alex Berlyne

FROM MY BALCONY, I once watched a friend's Renault Dauphine execute what would have been a perfect three-point turn had it not been slightly marred by his reversing into the only lamp-post on that side of the street. I haven't the slightest doubt, recalling my earliest efforts to ride a bicycle, that the lamp-post exerted some strange magnetism as yet unknown to conventional physics.

It may be this same force-field that attracts people to jobs that *match their names. I haven't* worked out the details yet but one day, perhaps, Berlyne's Law will be as familiar to ink-stained schoolboys as Boyle's or Murphy's. Till now, as far as I've been able to ascertain, nobody has attempted to explain the phenomenon, not even the redoubtable Lawrence Casler who once published a list of 190 author-subject related names called from *Psychological Reports.*

I wonder often what the Vintners buy
One half so precious as the stuff they
sell

might be applied to the editors of the *Reports* who should be investigating this phenomenon from their own columns instead of publishing the results of bizarre experiments in laboratories half a world away.

TO GET BACK to the Dauphine and my old bike: I have in my collection a number of names related to locomotion. During all the early coverage of the Apollo space programme that eventually put a man on the moon, I was pleased to note that NASA's Director of Space Operations was called Christopher Columbus Kraft, a portmanteau name that would compare favourably with such also-rans as Joseph Wood Krutch.

Despite the inclusion of Agudat Israel in the coalition, the country is plagued with road hogs as never before and the slaughter on the roads is conducted without benefit of *shohet*. How much more fitting that Britain, a country that by and large does not observe *kashrut*, recently published an official study of "male motorists' attitudes to speed restrictions and their enforcement" by R. Hogg.

A few months ago, the *Post's* motoring correspondent described the new Citroën GSA which has "a big car ride," according to the firm's Israel representative, Jimmy Driver. The French automotive industry received another unexpected boost this week when the *Guardian* reported that Renault (UK) have appointed a new PR man of Estonian origin. His name, pronounced as it is written, is Mr. Karrsik.

The English, chronic purveyors of Irish jokes ("The Dublin Samaritans are ex-Directory"), would have enjoyed an item I spotted in the Irish International Boat Show's catalogue last year:

R. & B. Leakey
Leakey Boats

The joke would have been on them, for the firm's address is Settle, Yorkshire, curiously enough one of the highest places above sea level in Britain.

Mind you, there's been a very dacent fella working for years now in the Public Relations department of Dublin's Arthur Guinness Son & Co. Ltd., called Billy Porter. Other beverages are represented in the city's telephone directory, even if the Samaritans are not, including one poor woman, the butt of endless practical jokes, who is listed as Ms. Peps Kola. She may be interested to learn that the man who resurrected the Pesi-Cola company, after Caleb Bradham went bankrupt in the Twenties, was a Wall St. financier called Roy C. Megargel.

BRUCE FESSENDEN once made a game of this sort of thing, based on the way newsmen sometimes introduce themselves at a press conference:

"I'm Brown from *The Sun*. I'm Justice from the *Tribune;* I'm Tied from the *Post*." E.P.H. James joined in the game by suggesting, "I'm Ugley from the *American;* I'm Shakespeare from the *Globe;* I'm Trumpett from the *Herald*."

There was one such exchange in real life. "Mr. Coward," a particularly persistent reporter once asked the Master, "have you anything to say to the *Star?*

"Yes," Noël replied. "Twinkle."

TO GET BACK to Leakey Boats for a moment. I clipped a letter from the *Daily Mirror* a couple of years ago which announced in the unmistakable tones of the National Front, "I am fed up with the do-gooders who tell us we have to take in the boat people." It was signed R. Goody, a most unsuitable name under the circumstances. The American Right, to give them credit, do not hide their light under a bushel. The White House spokesman who appears on *Mabat*, to explain that "Ronald Reagan doesn't dye his hair — he's just prematurely orange," is called Larry Speakes.

I hope you all noticed the name of the overseer of the victorious Republican National Committee last year was a nice combination of the other two candidates, Anderson Carter. Another delightful multiple cropped up in an ad in *Publisher's Weekly* recently. The authors of *The Search for America's Faith* are George Gallup and David Poling.

These coincidences are much more frequent than you may think. James T. Wooten once paired off 125 delegates to the 1976 Republican National Convention, coupling Lawrence Sweet and Arthur Sour, David Forward and Charles Coy, Sandra Rich and Robert Poor, Marshall Cain and Peggy Abel, Charles Currier and William Ives, and — perhaps a delicate compliment to the Gipper's acting style — Phyllis Barbee and Ken Doll.

From politics it is, of course, just a short step to skullduggery. (I see that Aharon Abuhatzeira is to stand trial again without having his parliamentary immunity lifted for the second time. Let me say at once that he has my sympathy: his first trial was based on evidence on which, as the saying goes, I wouldn't hang a dog. However, I've just been reading in the *Observer* an account of an editorial written by Sir John Junor of the *Sunday Express* that may be relevant here. A headmaster was acquitted of indecent assault after being cleared on two previous occasions of similar charges.

"Having now proved his innocence thrice," Sir John wrote, "might he not be wise to jack in a job which seems to carry such a high-risk of false accusations?")

Where were we? Oh yes, the subject was left-handed forms of human endeavour, as W.R. Burnett put it. Well, I have three 1980 newspaper clippings before me as I write, all relating to serious drug offences. In the first, "the kingpin of a drug ring," who was jailed at Winchester Crown Court for importing a large quantity of cocaine, was called Trevor Scattergood. A distributor of cannabis, dealt with by Mr. Justices Hodgson sitting at Mold Crown Court, was called Victor Grassi. The third unfortunate, who appeared on a drugs charge at Snaresbrook Crown Court, may have been acquitted for all I know as I never learned how the case was disposed of, although I have a pretty good idea. His name was Innocent Mann.

The unfortunate victim of a 1978 murder was responsible for another double header. His own cranium suffered "terrible injuries" when he was bludgeoned to death by a teenage gang in, of all places, Banger Street, Conventry. The last known of the attackers was that they took a taxi to a pub called The Live and Let Live.

CRIME PREVENTION also yields a rich harvest of names. David Joroff of Tel Aviv contributed Inspector Richard Tracey of the Los Angeles P.D., throwing in as a bonus Captain Marvel of the U.S. Marines.

There's a famous sheriff in Decatur County, Tennessee, called Ray Outlaw who campaigned for office with the slogan "Fight Outlaws With An Outlaw." *The Los Angeles Times* ran a story a few years ago about Judge Law and Judge Judge who dispense justice in Santa Ana, Lt. Justus who enforces the law in Anaheim, and the much less assuring Lt. Lynch who is a police officer in Long Beach.

The Los Angeles area also boasts that hardy perennial of Ripley's *Believe It Or Not*, Safety First, who lives at Leisure World, Sea Beach, and complains that every time she gets a traffic ticket the newspapers have a ball. She can commiserate with Jean Sippy, who was recently divorced but still calls herself Mrs. Sippy, to the barely concealed amusement of practically everybody she encounters.

This same problem cropped up in Britain when the first unmarried woman judge was appointed. It was very properly decided, despite protests from Women's Lib, that although she is a spinster Margaret Booth will officially be known as Mrs. Justice Booth rather than Miss Justice Booth, which might sound very discouraging to the people who appear before her.

The Jean Sippy affair is enough to set me off on one of my justly famed digressions for the rest of the paragraph. It has always puzzled me that English rivers are masculine and American ones feminine. There's even a minemonic about it:

In England all rivers are males —
For instance, Father Thames —
Whoever in Columbia sails
Finds then ma'mselles or dames.
Yes, there the softer sex presides
Aquatic, I assure ye,
And Mrs. Sippy rolls her tides
Responsive to Miss Sourl.

In that case, perhaps some reader can explain why, in *Showboat*, Oscar Hammerstein and Jerome Kern apostrophized "Ol' Man River"?

I CAN PASS from crime to banking and accountancy, I feel, without any explanation being necessary. However, I'll keep it brief and perhaps the bookkeeping fraternity won't notice.

The Chief Accountant of the London Express Newspapers Group is Mr. J.A. Pay. Subscribe Now (UK), a Covent Garden theatre ticket agency's accountant, on the other hand, is called Tony Gamble, a name that the clients will hardly find reassuring. The teller at New York's Chemical Bank at Broadway and 114th St. is a Mr. Banker while the kibbutznik head of our own Hevrat Ovdim, whose enterprises account for a quarter of the country's economic activity, is Moshe Bankover.

From Mammon I'd like to hurry on to You Know Who. Just a year ago, we printed a picture of the Foreign Missions Director of the Holy Spirit Conference of the United Pentecostal Church. In these ecumenical days I was rather dismayed to learn that his name is Harry E. Scism. While we're on the subject, that well-known Jerusalem ecumenical figure, Father James McWhirter, tells me that the Brighton *Argus* once confused him with a physician of the same name and announced that he'd died in New Zealand. Father James was even more disconcerted to be invited the very same week to appear on the BBC's *Man Alive* programme.

This is as good an opportunity as any to ask Father James, who served in World War I *(ad meah w'esrim)*, if he ever came across a leading minister of the Church of Scotland who served as a private in the trenches with the Royal Scots, the Rev. Gavin Pagan.

The only suitable comment on this sort of thing was supplied by a religious book published earlier this year, *Ecstasy* by M.A. Screech.

HONESTLY, you'd think they were doing it on purpose! Yet for some reason, fictitious names are never nearly as good.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent the music hall and the local palace of varieties, and one of the best-known acts of the time was a monologist ("There's a little yellow idol to the north of Katmandu") billed as Nosmo King, a name he'd obviously lifted from the admonitions posted round the theatres.

Another comic who achieved fame as Ted Ray previously appeared to universal indifference under the somewhat boastful soubriquet Hugh Neck. Liberace's first professional appearances were under the surprisingly introspective stage name of Buster Keys, while Anne Shirley, that leading lady of many a forgettable Forties movie, originally appeared on the screen as the child star Dawn O'Day, possibly an attempt to win an Irish-American following with its subliminal images of the sunrise over Galway Bay.

A child performer on radio at the time was Beverly Sills, the diva, who performed as Bubbles Silverman, a great improvement over her present billing which sounds like a California window framing company. I assume that she felt Silverman sounded too Jewish, though why she didn't choose an operatic Italian name while she was about it I can't imagine. Mind you, not all theatrical names are resolutely WASP, as Beverly seems to think. After all, neither George M. Cohan nor his wife, Ethel Levey, the very embodiment of Broadway at the beginning of the century, were Jewish.

Some Jews, born *dafkaniks*, respond to a contrariwise streak in their nature by marching to a different drummer. John Mayer who, together with his wife, runs an Edinburgh record company, was reportedly in difficulties a couple of years ago when the Inland Revenue sent him five separate tax forms. It served him right; John had registered the two-man company as Cohen, Cohen, Kelly, Cohen & Cohen Ltd.

Perhaps the best-known name-change in Jewish show-biz was made by Samuel Goldfish who formed the Goldwin Pictures Corporation together with Edgar Selwin in 1916 by combining one syllable from each of their names, presumably rejecting the alternative possibility — *Selfish Pictures* Corporation. When Selwyn departed three years later, Sam simply pinched the name, feeling no doubt (like Harold Leek who changed his name to Howard Keel and later starred, as we saw on TV last month, in the movie of *Showboat*) that he had improved matters out of all recognition.

I can't leave the subject of show-biz, however, without mentioning the movie poster for an Egyptian version of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* which my colleague, Joan Borsten, very considerately brought me from Cairo, and which bills the stars in Arabic and in English: N. El-Sherif, F. Shawky and Pussy. □

(Next: Can Alistair Cooke? Does Saul Bellow?)

A selection of "With Prejudice" has just been published by the *Jerusalem Post* and Carta. Hardback, 256 pp. IS180.

Queen of Warner's

MOTHER GODDAM: The Story of the Career of Bette Davis by Whitney Stine with a commentary by Bette Davis. New York, Berkley Books. 423 pp. $2.75.

THIS LIFE by Sidney Poitier, New York, Ballantine Books. 370 pp. $4.50.

SHOOTING STRAIGHT by Robert Stack, with Mark Evans. New York, Berkley Books. $2.75.

Aviva Even-Paz

VERBOSITY is the name of the game. Old actors never die, they just start writing, writing, dredging up everything that happened to them, from the formula fed to them as infants to the habits of the third assistant cameraman in their last TV movie.

However, *Mother Goddam* (another one of those ghastly titles which have nothing to do with the case) spares us most of these largely irrelevant details. It is a quite new and interesting format for a film-star's biography. Whitney Stine treats Bette Davis' career film by film, with interposed comments by the lady herself, and a very intriguing and revealing journey into the past, one's own as well as hers, it proves to be.

Just to show you what I mean, I will mention only four of Davis' films: *Marked Woman, The Man Who Came to Dinner, All About Eve* and *The Catered Affair*. (Everybody has his favourite Bette Davis movie, so forgive me that I haven't included *Dark Victory* and *Now Voyager.)*

Marked Woman, I now realize, was one of the most extraordinary films I ever saw. Briefly it is about a clip-joint hostess — read prostitute — controlled by gangster Eduardo Cianelli. B.D. gives a wonderful and terrifying performance, in her attempt to extricate herself and her younger sister, who eventually gets killed. She is disfigured for life with a double cross incised on her cheek, but wins a courtroom battle against the gangster. Bogart played the prosecutor. The plot was based on the real-life career of Lucky Luciano. Davis' performance conceded nothing; and the picture didn't hide the cruelty and sordidness of the underworld.

In *The Man Who Came to Dinner* (they don't make comedies like that any more), she *turns away* from the camera, and wiggles her bottom insouciantly to express her joy at having for once scored a point over Sheridan Whiteside, her insufferable employer. Talk about actions speaking louder than words.

In *All About Eve*, she gives a classic performance as the actress to end all actresses — vain, vulnerable, passionate, funny, jealous and larger-than-life. In *The Catered Affair*, she is a raddled, lower-middle class Bronx housewife determined to give her daughter (Debby Reynolds) a big, splashy wedding. (It was originally supposed to be a *Jewish* family and would have made much more sense that way.) There is one scene where Davis breaks down and cries, worn out by the struggle to get her way and keep up appearances, that would move a heart of stone.

This small, not-so-beautiful woman beat Hollywood at its own game. For an intelligent actress to secure a foothold in such a place was in itself a tremendous achievement. To become, as Davis did, the "Queen" of Warner's is truly astonishing (and she did this without sleeping her way up the ladder). Women's Lib should take a long hard look at the Davis career. She did more for the idea that women can control and develop their lives without the use of feminine wiles than scores of feminist tracts and self-appointed saviours. In the same era, Joan Crawford, that plastic performer and epitome of a Hollywood "star," took second place to Davis on the Warner lot.

Davis' private life is briefly touched upon, and this is as it should be. She was by no means a bitch, but such a career as hers is bought at a high price. With her gifts, could she have done anything else?

SIDNEY POITIER — the devastatingly attractive, suave, controlled Mr. Poitier — every white man's (and woman's) favourite black actor, comes across as a very complex person indeed. It is something of a surprise to read that he was born to an extremely poor family in the Bahamas (at one dire point his mother broke stones with a pickaxe for 20 cents a day).

He was practically illiterate when he arrived in New York at the age of fifteen to escape a certain non-future. He was working as a dish-washer when he answered a Little Theatre advert for actors. He was a miserable flop as he could scarcely read, and what he could read he couldn't pronounce. Poitier attributes his salvation to an old Jewish waiter, who had observed him trying to understand the long, hard words in the *Journal American*, and volunteered to help him late at night when the restaurant closed: "This soft-spoken natural teacher, with thick bi-focals, bushy eyebrows and silver white hair, sat with me night after night in the twilight of his years, and gave me a little piece of himself — a little bit of him is in everything I do."

Poitier intersperses well-written, thoughtful passages about the film industry, the impact of American urban life on untutored backwoods blacks, and the malaise of the young today, with episodes about another self, a macho, randy swinger in perpetual conflict with the pious, responsible family man his mother and father brought him up to be. There are some tasteless and superfluous descriptions of sexual milestones in his career, which have been inserted either for the sake of verisimilitude or to encourage sales, and possibly for both reasons.

Poitier has been married twice, first to a very pretty black girl who bore him four daughters, and secondly to Joanna Shimkuss, a white French-Canadian actress. (In between he had a nine-year affair with Diahann Carroll.) In this he resembles his friend and rival, Harry Belafonte. Both were involved (Belafonte much more deeply) in the Sixties' civil-rights movement, and both divorced their black wives and eventually married white women. Perhaps it is unfair to draw conclusions, but one cannot help feeling that both ended up exactly where they wanted to be, and that, however unconsciously, their marriage to white women embodied their deepest aspirations. Poitier is now engaged mostly in directing but I hope he acts again. He is far too *dynamic and appealing to disappear*, even if he is somewhat fatter and balder now.

ROBERT STACK? Who's he? Not Robert Vaughan or Robert Cummings, and certainly not Robert Taylor or Robert Duval. In fact, he was the naive young officer to whom Carole Lombard took a fancy in *To Be Or Not To Be*. His career had an early peak, as he tells us at frequent intervals, when he became the first actor to kiss Deanna Durbin. (He seems never to have recovered from this.)

He made a name for himself in an American TV series, *The Untouchables*, based on the Chicago gangster era of the Thirties. Stack is admirably humorous and objective about himself and his career (or as objective as any actor can be). There are some revealing glimpses of such stars as John Wayne and Errol Flynn. When it came to entertaining themselves, the entertainers showed a certain lack of creativity. They didn't favour string quartets and literary causeries, they stuck to those tried favourites: drink and dames (in Flynn's case drugs also).

BOTH DAVIS and Stack complain loud and long about the hard lot of a player under contract. They seem to have a point. The studios would exploit popular actors for all they were worth, and employ them in dreadful films. They didn't think about nursing their career and talent. If an actor under contract refused to play a certain part, the studio would put him "on suspension." He wasn't paid, he wasn't allowed to do any other kind of work, and had to watch his career wither away.

In such a predicament, Davis took her grievance to the English courts. She hired Sir William Jowitt as her counsel, but Sir Patrick Hastings (no less) demolished her case when he pointed out that she was getting $2,400 a week (Davis denied this): "If anybody wants to put me into perpetual servitude on that basis of remuneration, I shall prepare to consider it. And what is more I shall not ask Sir William Jowitt K.C., to stand up for me and argue that it would be slavery." So when we wonder why so-and-so is appearing in what we consider utter rubbish, *it is as well to remember* that these birds in gilded cages don't always have a choice. □

King of the hacks

COCKBURN SUMS UP by Claud Cockburn, London, Quartet Books, 269 pp. £8.50.

Eric Silver

"AIRLINE PILOTS, journalists, spies," John Le Carré wrote in *The Honourable Schoolboy*. "It's the same bloody drag. Bloody inertia interspersed with bouts of bloody frenzy."

I don't know what the pilots and the spies do with their inertial phase, but while the journalists wait for nothing to happen they play poker with bank notes and tell each other stories about bloody frenzies long ago. The older the journalists and the longer they have known one another, the more likely they are to have heard the tales before — and none the worse for that.

The best journalists make the best raconteurs. The qualifications are the same: gregariousness, vulgar curiosity, "creative memory," vivid turn of phrase, a gift for packaging. Claud Cockburn is not just a good journalist, he is a master of the corrupt art, even if we don't have to go all the way with his old school chum, Graham Greene, who salutes him in a brief foreword to this book as "one of the two greatest journalists of the twentieth century" (G.K. Chesterton was the other).

When journalists retire from chasing fire engines, they stop telling their stories and start writing them. Cockburn, three years younger than the century, had already published three volumes of memoirs, plus a revised Penguin edition archly entitled *I Claud*. The only justification for this further reworking seems to be that he found a new young publisher and that he didn't die of throat cancer four years ago. If you didn't kow that Cockburn won a prize for composing the dullest headline in the London *Times* — "Small earthquake in Chile. Not many dead." — read on.

Cockburn chronicled the rise of Hitler in Berlin, the Wall Street crash in New York, fought and wrote (on the Republican side) in Spain, swung from the Conservative *Times* to the Communist *Daily Worker*. He once interviewed Al Capone in the Lexington Hotel in Chicago ("there was a submachinegun, operated by a man called MacGurn, whom I later got to know and somewhat esteem, poking through the transom"), under orders from Printing House Square to produce a story "not unduly emphasizing crime."

ABOVE ALL, Cockburn invented, or perhaps more accurately reinvented, off-Fleet Street journalism. He founded, edited, researched (mostly in the Café Royal) and wrote *The Week*, a gossipy, indiscreet, impertinent newsletter, which, so he tells us, included among its subscribers "the Foreign Ministers of 11 nations, all the embassies and legations in London, all *diplomatic correspondents* of the principal newspapers in three continents, the foreign correspondents of all the leading newspapers stationed in London, the leading banking and brokerage houses in London, Paris, Amsterdam and New York, a dozen members of the United States Senate, 20 or 30 members of the House of Representatives, about 50 members of the House of Commons and 100 or so in the House of Lords, King Edward VIII, the secretaries of most of the leading trade unions, Charlie Chaplin and the Nizam of Hyderabad."

Like its descendant, *Private Eye*, Cockburn's weekly thrived on stories other journalists couldn't get *past their editors, the spleen of the* frustrated, the jealous and the disappointed. It paraded its poverty so that victims saw no point in suing (*Private Eye* has prospered to the stage where there is). It smashed taboos, to the benefit of all of us who have followed.

Cockburn worked on the robust doctrine that "a newspaper is always a weapon in somebody's hands, and I never could see why it should be shocking that the weapon should be used in what its owner conceived to be his best interest." This is the Beaverbrook view of press as propaganda. "The humbug and hypocrisy of the press begin only when newspapers pretend to be impartial or servants of the public. And this only becomes dangerous as well as laughable when the public is fool enough to believe it." Cockburn writes here.

He is equally cavalier with what he dismisses as "the factual heresy," that all the journalist has to do is dig out the facts and print them. "In reality," he argues, "they begin with a journalist's point of view, a conception, and it is the point of view from which the facts are subsequently organized."

Like the browbeaten Mr. Salter, foreign editor of *The Daily Beast* in Evelyn Waugh's *Scoop*, *one can* only mutter, "Up to a point, Lord Copper." Yes most of the way, but what happens when the facts contradict the conception? *The Times* under its Thirties editor, Geoffrey Dawson, who said he wanted to see nothing in his paper that would offend Mr. Hitler, and the *Daily Worker* at any time would presumably delete the facts. So perhaps would Claud Cockburn, who pleads guilty to having invented a Republican counter-attack in the Spanish war.

And where, Lord Copper, do you draw the line between gossip and news? Cockburn doesn't bother. For him, "rumours were just as important, just as — in the last analysis — 'valid' as facts." Maybe, but how is the reader supposed to know which is which? There is another way, but it is harder work and much less fun. □

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War of the beams

MOST SECRET WAR by R.V. Jones. London, Coronet. 702 pp. £1.95

SPECIAL OPERATIONS EUROPE by Basil Davidson. London, Victor Gollancz. 288 pp. £8.50.

Benny Morris

IN APRIL 1946 Winston Churchill went up to Aberdeen University to receive an honorary doctorate. He apparently spent much of his day there persuading the university's principal to appoint R.V. Jones — then aged 35 — to the chair of natural philosophy (physics) which had fallen vacant. Jones duly got the chair, as well as some highly complementary references in Churchill's memoirs of the war years.

Churchill's intercession stemmed from his appreciation that Jones had played a very important role in Britain's victory in World War II.

Before the war, Jones, in his phrase, was one of "the men who went first," who volunteered for government service when most of his fellow scientists went into academic life. Jones sensed the imminence of war and the need for scientists in Britain's defence establishment and joined the Air Ministry staff in 1936.

During the war, Jones became Assistant Director (Scientific Intelligence) on the Air staff. He was instrumental in the British successes in countering the German radio navigation beams which directed the Luftwaffe's bombers to their targets during and after the Battle of Britain; in unravelling and destroying the German defence radar chain; in working out the *modus operandi* of the German night fighter defences; and in discovering the significance and characteristics of the German V1s and V2s, and the German plans for their use.

Most Secret War, an historical memoir, is the story of the efforts of Jones and his Air Intelligence staff, whose accomplishments taken together were comparable in importance to those of the Bletchley Park "Enigma" codebreakers in achieving Allied victory.

Jones tells his fascinating story lucidly, conveying often complex scientific information in eminently intelligible terms, and with anecdotal mastery.

The description of the "Battle of the Beams," perhaps the high point of Jones's military career and of the book, is riveting. The Luftwaffe, lagging behind the British in the development of radar (whose underlying philosophy is defensive), was way ahead by the start of the war in using radio direction beams, which served to direct bombers accurately to their targets. A new idea in warfar, it took a handful of clues and great intuitive flair for Jones to sense what the Germans were doing and what "Knickebein" and "X-Gerät" were about, and to work out various means — jamming, misleading deflection, bombing — to achieve their destruction. It was later said — a mistake only in the literal sense — that Jones succeeded in "bending the beams."

With this battle won, and with the gradual destruction of the Luftwaffe's offensive capability, Allied attention turned to piercing Germany's aerial defences. Jones pulled off a major coup when he guessed the exact order of battle and *modus operandi* of the "Kammhuber Line" — the Nazi night fighter network.

Another coup was Jones's discovery of the Peenemünde missile construction and testing sites, with its V1s and V2s. Battling other Whitehall intelligence mandarins, Jones correctly assessed the actual characteristics and threat potential of the V-weapons.

Each correct guess, as Jones stresses in the final analysis served to save hundreds or thousands of lives.

BUT THE BOOK is not all grimness and death; wars also provide light relief, as in Jones's description of the interrogation in 1940 of the first downed German pilot captured in England. The British interrogators had decided that first "they had to establish a moral superiority over the prisoner. They were to sit on one side of a long table and the prisoner was to be marched in and stood to attention between two guards, as members of the interrogation panel fired questions at him."

But things worked out somewhat differently. "He was a typical product of Nazi success. His uniform was smart, his jackboots were gleaming, and his movements were executed with German precision. As he came to the centre of the room he was halted and turned to face the panel. No sooner had he executed his turn then he clicked his heels together and gave a very smart Nazi salute. For this the panel was unprepared, and none more so than "Josh", (a Bletchley German expert and cryptographer, brought in to manage the interrogation), who stood up as smartly, gave the Nazi salute and repeated the prisoner's 'Heil Hitler.' Then, realizing that he had done the wrong thing (he) sat down with such speed that he missed his chair and, to the prisoner's astonishment, disappeared completely under the table."

But the British recovered, leaving this "Dad's Army" image well behind them. Jones fascinating study gives a blow-by-blow description, in one area, of how they did this, by the way providing the reader with a marvellous elucidation of the principles of successful, often brilliant, backroom intelligence work.

BASIL DAVIDSON'S war was something else altogether. From the start, Davidson — today a noted historian of Africa — was a member of Section D and, later, of the Special Operations Executive (SOE), which handled British sabotage and much of its espionage efforts in Occupied Europe, while assisting the Resistance movements.

With a passing knowledge of "the Balkans." Davidson, a working journalist at *The Economist*, was sent to Hungary in 1940. "But Hungary isn't in the Balkans. I don't know a thing about Hungary," protested the recruit. "They (his Section D bosses) received this with a proper impatience. Hungary or Yugoslavia: could one boggle over such trifles... "Hungary", they said."

Anyway, Davidson spent some exciting months in Hungary, got out as the Nazis marched in, returned to London, was shipped to Cairo and was dropped into Yugoslavia and, later, north Italy, where he spent years aiding the local partisans.

But this is no simple war memoir or tale of life among the brave. Davidson has a message: The partisans, especially of Yugoslavia and Italy, were fighting as much for a new social order as against their foreign Nazi oppressors. And this, at first, was not understood by the Allies who supplied them with their arms and other support, and, once understood, led to suspicion, revulsion, bad blood and schism. The Allies needed the partisans to help defeat the Nazis. But they were loathe to over-arm them lest, at war's end, they found each other on opposite sides of the Communist-capitalist divide.

Clearly outraged at the Allies narrow vision and their unwillingness or inability to see the profound morality of the Slavs' and Italians' commitment to social reform and/or revolution — a natural concomitant of their desire to crush the Nazi beast — Davidson's book all too often becomes a political tract of boring density.

But the passages which tell of his experiences and of those of the Partisans amid whom he spent the best years of his life, make the book worth reading. □

Innocence

TOUCH NOT THE TREE by Dvora Ben Shaul. Jerusalem, La Semana Publishing Co. 45 pp. No price stated.

Dvora Waysman

POETRY is like a prayer — such a very personal expression that one sometimes feels guilty of eavesdropping. Dvora Ben Shaul has offered us the most intimate glimpses of her life in this slender volume of 27 poems, and has done so with delicacy and an aching kind of innocence.

It is a modest publication but, nevertheless, tastefully produced with illustrations by Dorit Hauser.

Well-known in Israel as an environmentalist and a wildlife biologist, Ben Shaul was born in Texas, and has written prolifically on ecology and related fields.

The first section of the book, "Touch Not the Tree," contains poems written in the last three years; "Fragments from a Cluttered Life," the second section, relates to various times in her life — as a child, soldier and woman. Her poem "Bar Mitzvah" was written for Ben Shaul's brother when she herself was only 12, and shows remarkable insight for someone so young. She writes in the first person of the fears of the boy who must be proclaimed a man in the synagogue:

...I cannot sleep,
For I am not a man,
I am a child, frightened
Helpless and alone.
I feel myself grow smaller than a tear,
One trembling, crystal drop,
Wherein the history of my race
Has been distilled.

One of the most touching poems, on the loss of innocence, is entitled "End of Enchantment":

Today I looked at you, enchantment gone,
And it was like the day when I first realized
That circuses are full of dust,
Bad smells,
Torn costumes,
And tarnished tinsel.

The same pain is echoed in "Rabbinical Divorce" when "...the promises between us are returned, like bounced checks."

Than can dance with an angel
On the head of a pin."

Although gracefully fashioned, many of the poems lack the craftsmanship of the professional versemaker — but this does not detract from their impact.

Killing the quota

ZEBRA By Clarke Howard, New York, Berkley Books 395 pp. $2.95

Aryea Lehman

IT HAS been remarked about San Francisco: "The continent is tipping west and all things loose and unattached are rolling to the Golden City on the Pacific." It's too bad these loose objects didn't keep rolling past the Golden City into the Pacific.

For while, in the Sixties, San Francisco was the hub of progressiveness and of the counterculture, in the Seventies its mystique turned demonic. It became a centre for murderous, messianic cults. The change began with Manson and his followers. Then there were the Guyana Pigs of Emperor Jim Jones. The Zebra killers are the subject of this book.

Over a period of six months, in early 1974, the Zebras (so named because the victims were white and the assailants black) shot, or occasionally tortured, victims chosen at random. The motivation? An elitist sect of Black Muslims, The Death Angels, would enrol in their ranks any Muslim who killed a satisfactory quota of white men, women and children.

The five aspirants who perpetrated the 15 killings and 8 brutal assaults described in this book were barely literate ex-cons, psychopaths and low-lifes. Yet it is assumed they were inspired by their Black Muslim faith; which was communicated to them in meetings at a city warehouse, conducted by a raspy-voiced, Godfather-type named Van-dyke.

IN CONDENSED form, this is his manifesto: "Only black men covered the earth until 1000 years ago, when an evil black leader separated the two germs (brown and black) that exist within every black and, through grafting, proceeded to create a lighter race, which eventually lost all its colour and became white. With their own new god, these "twisted, grafted white devils" then spread over the earth persecuting its undiluted forbears. A creed which defies rational analysis.

Clarke Howard's book is based on the literary model of *In Cold Blood* and *The Family*, and effectively conveys the horror that swept the city. A tight compact scenario is drawn of each "hit" day as the harmless, unknowing victim, and the hungry, prowling "Angel" gradually converge to their ill-fated union.

The conclusion was almost an anti-climax. The killing had led to lengthy police reports, detailed gun and bullet analysis and beefed-up investigative squads. Nearly half the city was under constant surveillance by the end of the man-hunt. Yet the Zebras were arrested only after a fellow Muslim had informed the police on his own initiative. □

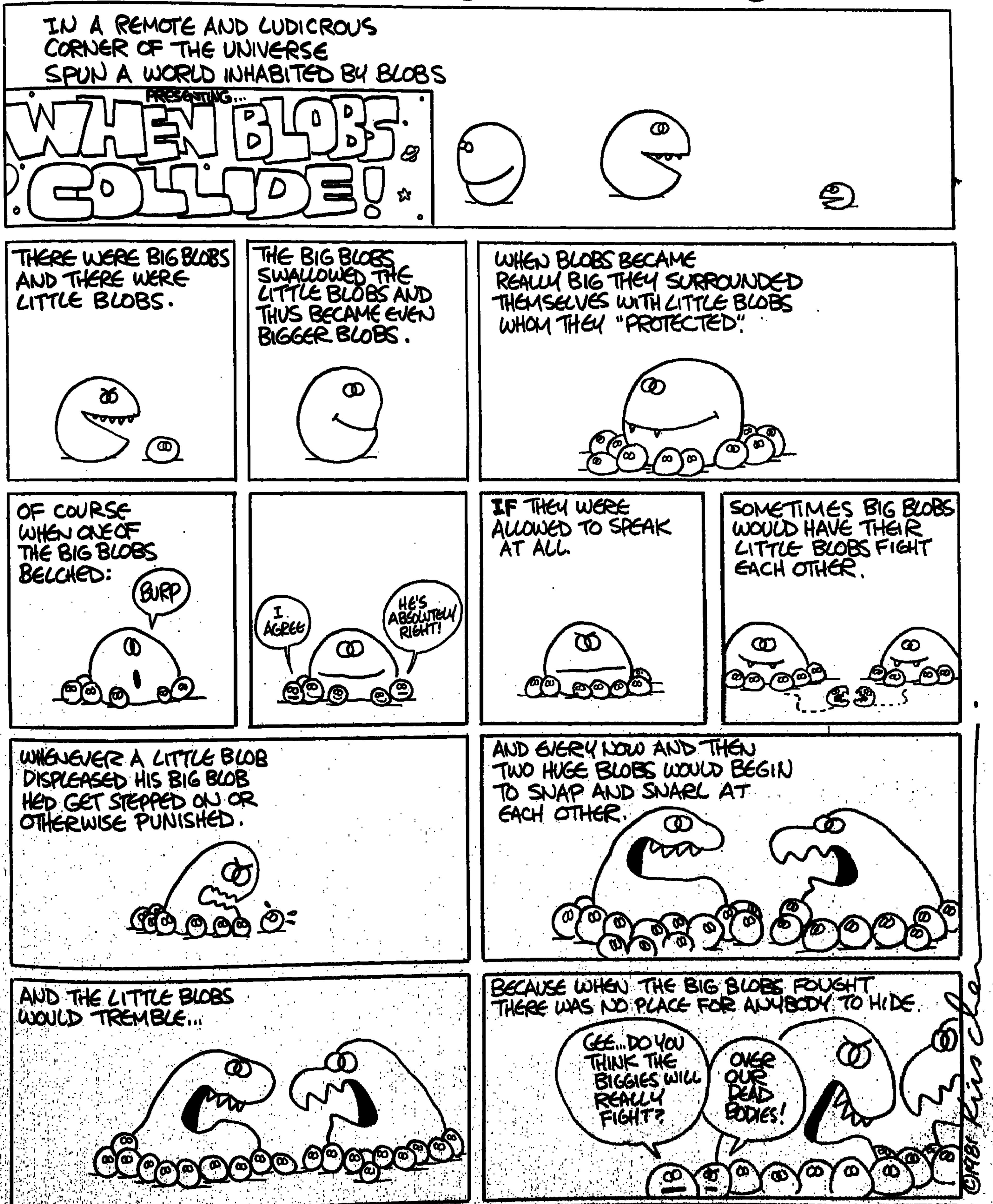
Son of the Land

A reader marks the *Shloshim* of Moshe Dayan

David Tovy

Under the fertile soil of that land
Soaked with tears, sweat and blood
And the passion of man
With the brambles the trees and the hills
And the sweetness of the air
Filled by the dust of its ground
With the unending wars fought
By men women and children alike
With glory and sadness flowing through the hearts
As a stream of love
Under that very land
On a gentle slope embedded with a murmur of the past
Lies that one-eyed soldier-poet-man.

The Weekend Dry Bones



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